

H.M. DESTROYER ARIEL RAMS PIRATE U20

The Daily Mirror

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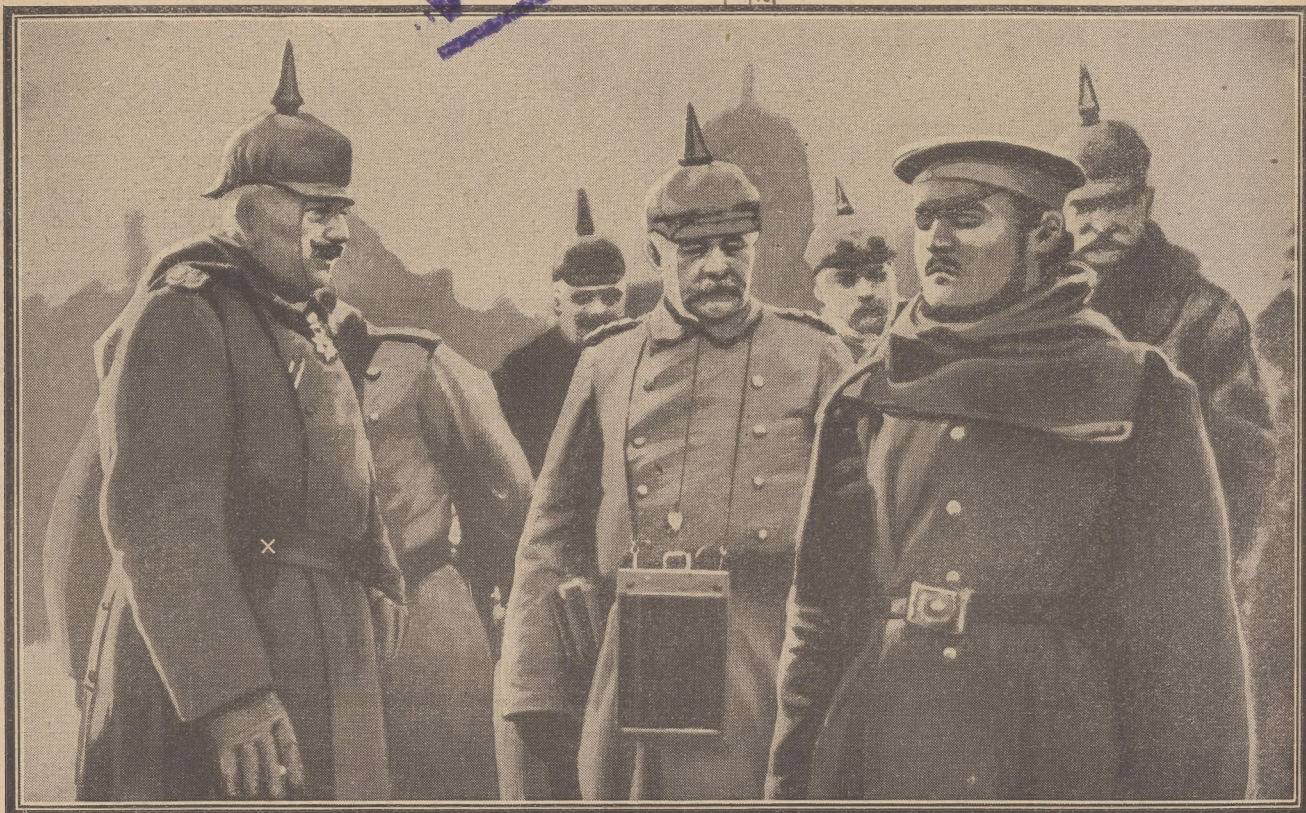
THURSDAY, MARCH 11, 1915

16 PAGES.

One Halfpenny.

THE KAISER STARES AT THE UNDAUNTED SERBIAN AND SEES
ONLY CONTEMPT WRITTEN ON THE PRISONER'S FACE.

P. 121



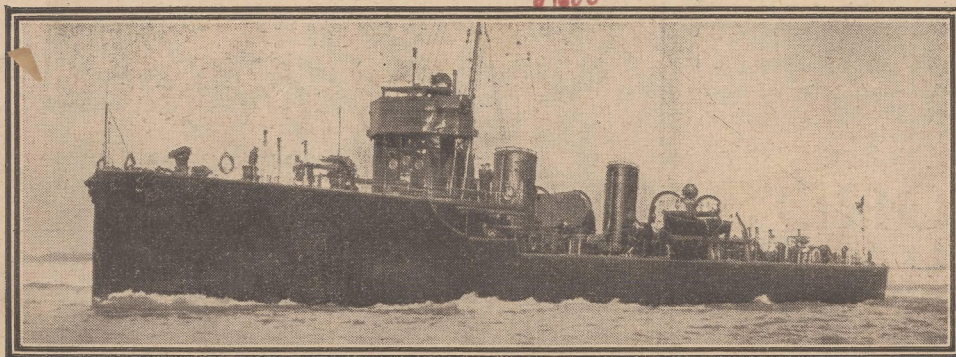
This striking picture shows the Kaiser looking with interest at a Serbian sharpshooter who has been taken prisoner. The man is taking no pains to conceal his contempt

for the War Lord, who is marked (x). He thinks of the devastation in Belgium and his own country, and he knows on whom to fix the guilt.

THE BITER BIT: BRITISH DESTROYER RAMS A GERMAN SUBMARINE.

8.600

8.585 H



H.M.S. Ariel, the destroyer which rammed the pirate. She is of the I Class.

There is more bad news for Von Tirpitz to-day, and the master pirate, who organised the scheme for murdering seamen, must mourn the loss of another submarine. The



The U 20 attacks a steamer.

crew surrendered. The drawing of the lost vessel (she was the U 20) is by a German artist. She will torpedo no more steamers.

Intense Weakness after Influenza
a case for 'Wincarnis.'

Full of new health and vigour
after taking 'Wincarnis.'

New Health and New Vitality for the Weak, Anaemic, Nervy, Run-down.

New health—delicious vigorous health—your whole body pulsating with new life. That is the health that 'Wincarnis' creates. Because 'Wincarnis' is a Tonic, a Restorative, a Blood-maker and a Nerve Food—all combined in a rich life-giving beverage. That is why it gives new health, new blood, new nerve force and new life. And that is why over 10,000 Doctors recommend it.

WINGARNIS

is a positive necessity to all who are Weak, Anaemic, Nervy, Run-down—to all liable to Coughs, Colds, Chills or Bronchitis—to all suffering from the intense weakness following Influenza—to all martyrs to Indigestion—and to all who are depressed and "out-of-sorts." 'Wincarnis' offers prompt relief, because the benefit begins from the first wineglassful. You can feel it doing you good—you can feel the new, rich blood dancing through your veins—you can feel it surcharging your whole system with new life.

'Wincarnis' is wonderful after Influenza because 'Wincarnis' speedily banishes that terrible weakness Influenza leaves behind. 'Wincarnis' creates new strength and new vitality and makes you feel so well so quickly. Try it to-day. All Wine Merchants and licensed Chemists and Grocers sell 'Wincarnis.' But be sure you get 'Wincarnis.' Don't waste your money or risk your health with drugged wines.

Begin to get well—FREE

Send the coupon for a free trial bottle—not a mere taste, but enough to do you good.

Free Trial Coupon

Coleman & Co. Ltd., W 246, Wincarnis Works, Norwich.

Please send me a Free Trial Bottle of 'Wincarnis.' I enclose three penny stamps to pay postage.

Name _____

Address _____

D. Mr.
11375.

Send this Coupon for a Free Trial Bottle.

For nearly a Century

the Medical Profession have approved this as the best and safest remedy for Acidity of the Stomach, Heartburn, Headache, Gout and Indigestion. Dinneford's Magnesia is also an aperient of unequalled value for infants, children, those of delicate constitution, and for the distressing sickness of pending motherhood.

DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA.

THE MOST EFFECTIVE APERIENT FOR REGULAR USE BY PEOPLE OF ALL AGES.

In consequence of numerous imitations, purchasers should INSIST on seeing the name "DINNEFORD'S" on every bottle. Only by so doing can they be sure of obtaining this most excellent remedy.

"Bournville Cocoa"

(Regd. Trade Mark)

is made by
"Cadbury's"

(Regd. Trade Mark)

"THE VERY FINEST PRODUCTS."

The Medical Magazine.

Cadbury's
Mexican Chocolate
is the best plain Chocolate

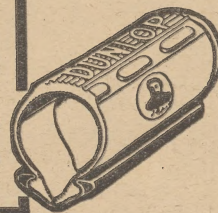
That new machine!

Don't accept just any tyres the agent chooses to fit. Insist on having one of the Dunlop series—

DUNLOP

WARWICK AND CAMBRIDGE
tyres,

or, best of all for hard wear, the
DUNLOP MAGNUM,
the finest tyre on the road.



WOMEN WHO WORK

Invigorate body and brain by drinking Vi-Cocoa. It is so much more nourishing and stimulating than tea, coffee, or ordinary cocoa.



Cocoa for nourishment; milk for digestion;
hops for a tonic; kola for stimulation.

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TABLETS
Vi-Cocoa

THE WATFORD MFG. CO. LTD.

PROPRIETORS ALSO OF
and
Fragrant Tablets
Delicacies



SITUATIONS VACANT.

Rate, 2s. 6d. per line; minimum, 2 lines.

- A. Can you sketch? If so, you can make money by it. Stamp for booklet. T. Howard, 11, Red Lion-sq., W.C.
A. TRUSTWORTHY Man wanted for canvassing; a good income is assured to anyone proving himself competent.—Address P 2015, "Daily Mirror," 23-9, Boulevard, E.C.
C. CINEMA Acting.—Well-known producer trains pupils; always vacancies.—77, Wood Exchange, E.C.
D. READNOUGHTS for 1d. each. The National Drink For sale local bottling rights write at once to Flugel and Co., Ltd., 25, Leconfield-st., London, W.

MOTORS AND CYCLES.

Rate, 2s. 6d. per line; minimum, 2 lines.

- G. GENTLEMEN'S 1514 Model de Luxe Cycle, fitted with G.B.S.A. 3-speed gear, latest improvements, gear-case, all accessories; new last September; reason expired; accept £4 13s.; approval willingly.—58, Cambridge-st., Hyde Park, London.

DRESS.

Rate, 2s. 6d. per line; minimum, 2 lines.

- A. BABY'S Long Clothes Set; 50 pieces, 21s.; everything necessary; wondrously beautiful robes; very superior; perfect home finish work; extraordinary bargain; instant approval.—Mrs. W. Mrs. M. Chase, Nottingham.
A. BABY'S Long Clothes, 85 pieces; 21s., or 2s. weekly; exquisite Robes, etc.; approval free first 2s.; call or write.—Mrs. Scott, 251, Unbidge-st., Shepherd's Bush.
A. Trouseaux.—24 Nightdresses, knickers, chems, petticoats, etc.; 25s. easy payments.—Wood, 21, Queen-sq., Leeds.
B. GARGAINS in Beautiful Clothing, slightly worn; list, stamp.—Miss Dapont, 42, Upper Gloucester-pl., London.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- A. ABDOMINAL Belts, Elastic Stockings, Bandages, etc.; illus. Catalogue post free.—Dunlop Hosiery Works, York.
A. CORNS Destroyed in 3 days by Needham's Corn Silk, 1d. Needham's, 297, Edgware-st., London, W.
D. DRINK Habit Cured secretly, quick, certain, cheap; trial free, privately.—Fleet Drag 211 Col., 6, Dorset-st., E.C.

P.C. ARTHUR BOURCHIER.

P.924



Mr. Arthur Bouchier acting as a special constable. He might be given a beat in Charing Cross-road, and then he could arrest Raffles outside Wyndham's.

KNIVES WHICH THE GERMANS DREAD.

P.6140 E



Gurkhas sharpening their knives on a grindstone "somewhere in France." These famous Indian warriors have used these weapons with great effect, and the Huns have learnt to dread them. More than once they have run before them.

TO SAVE THE BOYS BEING MURDERED.

P.283 E



Lifebelt drill is held on board many steamers now, in case the pirates attempt to murder the children. The German sailor prefers to attack civilians. It is safer than facing our big guns.

LANCASHIRE LADS READY FOR THE FOE.

P.11914



Lancashire Territorials with a Maxim gun in action during manoeuvres in the Arabian desert. The men from the northern county may be relied upon to give a good account of themselves when the time comes.

LIEUTENANT AND A "GIRL FROM UTAH."

Officer's Story of Engagement to Miss Evelyn Gordon.

CHANGED HER MIND.

The love affairs of a young officer who said he was engaged at one time to Miss Evelyn Gordon, of the "Girl from Utah" company, were mentioned in a case in Mr. Justice Shearman's court yesterday.

Lieutenant Lewis W. Murphy, Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, who is at present back from the front, where he was badly wounded, sued Mr. William Gipps Kent, a solicitor, for alleged libel.

The case arose out of a purchase of jewellery made by Lieutenant Murphy. During the lieutenant's evidence yesterday Mr. Matthews, K.C., for the defence, read a declaration which plaintiff gave at the time the jewellery was purchased. In this he stated that he was engaged to marry Miss Evelyn Gordon, of the "Girl from Utah" company.

Mr. Matthews then cross-examined as follows:— Did not the lady shortly afterwards repudiate the fact that you were engaged to be married?— Lieutenant Murphy: I think in a fit of temper she did.

It is a lady's privilege to change her mind?— Oh, yes, and she often did.

There was never a real contact between you?— I had every intention to marry the lady.

Did you ever ask her in plain terms?— Yes, but she wanted to see what happened. (Laughter.)

Before January 6 were you paying attention to another young lady?— Yes; several others. (Laughter.)

At this stage the Judge suggested that he should see counsel in his room. Later it was announced that judgment would be entered for the defendant on terms entered on counsel's briefs.

The Judge said the plaintiff left the court without any imputation on his character.

Mr. Marshall Hall withdrew any aspersions against the defendant, who, he said, had been acting in the interests of his clients.

Plaintiff and defendant then shook hands.

\$1,000 JEWELLERY PURCHASE.

Mr. Marshall Hall, K.C., in opening the case for the plaintiff, said that Lieutenant Murphy had the good or bad fortune to be heir to a considerable sum of money.

His father was a man of considerable position in Ireland, and he died when plaintiff was three years of age. Plaintiff came to London in 1913 and he formed friendships of various kinds, amongst them with the actress Montague and Sternberg. Mr. Montague lent him some small sums of money.

Plaintiff became very much attached to a young woman who was playing at a leading theatre, and he hoped to marry her.

It was not necessary to mention the young lady's name, remarked counsel, as the engagement was now broken off.

It was suggested to the plaintiff that he should go to a firm of diamond merchants—Messrs. Gershon and Scheiner, of Hatton-garden—and purchase jewellery of the value of £1,000, some of which he should give to the young lady, while some should be sold to pay Mr. Montague the small advance.

DIAMOND RING FOR FIANCEE.

Plaintiff gave a bill for this £1,000 of jewellery and the bill was drawn and accepted. At this moment the defendant came on the scene. He was a solicitor who had acted for Messrs. Gershon and Scheiner.

As regards the jewellery transactions, plaintiff was allowed to have two diamond rings—one for his young lady and another for someone else.

Later plaintiff was introduced to a Mr. Elliott, house and estate agent, who took an interest in his affairs.

Plaintiff came of age on May 25, and the bill he had drawn before that date would not have been valid. Defendant arranged with Mr. Elliott to get plaintiff to give him a new bill for £1,050.

Unfortunately, there was a hitch in the settlement of the plaintiff's affairs. He was anxious to pay the £1,000, and there was not the slightest suggestion of fraud.

Mr. Elliott subsequently introduced the plaintiff to Mr. Grice Hutchinson, a solicitor, who took up his affairs.

When war broke out plaintiff went to the Curragh Camp, and afterwards to the front with one of the earliest batches. Plaintiff gave Mr. Elliott authority to get from Mr. Hutchinson the sum of £1,500 to discharge the £1,000 bill.

"POWERLESS IN THE MATTER."

Continuing, counsel said that Mr. Elliott having had this £1,500, he did not pay over the money. He alleged that the holder of the bill was an alien enemy. Mr. Elliott wrote to the defendant with regard to a settlement, and defendant in reply sent the following letter, which contained the alleged libel:—

"Re Lieutenant Murphy.—I am powerless in the matter. My clients are only waiting for the return of Lieutenant Murphy, when they will institute the proceedings Mr. Bodkin advises."

Plaintiff, who was wearing khaki, gave evidence in support of counsel's statement.

Mr. J. B. Matthews, K.C. (cross-examining): Was it not part of the scheme concocted to induce the firm to trust you with the jewellery, although you were not of age?—I don't know what you call a scheme.

The Judge: You were in the hands of these people. Did you understand that they were telling the firm that the jewellery would be presented to the lady?—I never gave it a thought.

STOREHOUSE OF LUCK.

London's Myriad Charms for Soldiers and Sweethearts.

"SCRAP OF PAPER" AMULETS.

There never was a time when charms and mascots were so popular and plentiful as now.

Every day brings new designs in amulets. So many are there that London ought to be a sort of huge storehouse of luck. These lucky knick-knacks range from the farthing tin dog found in the child's lucky bag of sweets to the most costly gem at the most exclusive jeweller's.

Quaint and pretty novelties in the way of mascots are the strange little dogs, pigs, and other animals made of moss, etc., with little flowers around their necks.

One of the latest charms for soldiers, shown at a Piccadilly shop, is "a scrap of paper" mascot.

This is of white enamel and gold, and represents a tiny corner of torn paper.

Match-boxes for the "Tommys" are also being sold with patriotic flags depicted on them and bearing the legend "Fisher and Jellicoe, Purveyors of Bulldogs. All the Best Breeds." Then there is the badge and button charm called "Lest We Forget."

This year the lucky china shoe is particularly prominent as a table decoration.

A matchless mascot, though as small as the ordinary gold matchbox, has a secret aperture for holding the photograph of the little son or daughter.

DRAMA OF A NOTE.

Inquest Verdict of Wilful Murder Against a Missing Lover.

A dramatic story of a pencilled note was told at a Walworth inquest yesterday on Lilian Hubbard, twenty-nine, widow, who was found stabbed through the heart in a house in Alder-road, Kennington Park, last Friday.

Thomas Moore, bootmaker, of Vauxhall, brother-in-law of the woman, stated that on Friday afternoon a boy brought him a note and said it had been sent by a man at the end of the street.

The note, which was in pencil, ran:—

"Your sister is murdered. Go to 68 Alder-road, Kennington. You will find her there. She would not forgive, but she—"

The man disappeared.

Mrs. Elizabeth Hemmings, of Alder-road, said that deceased was engaged to her son Alfred.

The couple, she said, frequently quarrelled, and on Wednesday evening Hemmings smashed all the furniture in deceased's room. Next day the deceased began to rip up a suite of furniture.

On Friday there was more quarrelling, and then Hemmings came upstairs to witness and said "that he had done it and murdered her," and then went out.

The jury returned a verdict of Wilful murder against Hemmings.

NAVAL AIRMAN'S FATE.

While flying from Eastbourne waterplane station to the Aerodrome yesterday, Sub-Lieutenant Shepherd, R.N., fell a distance of nearly 300ft. into the sea.

A boat put off to his assistance, but it was found that the aviator was dead. He was flying in a Bristol School biplane and the accident occurred while he was making a circle.

The body was removed to the town hall mortuary.

CHARITY BALL THREAT.

Remarkable Letters to Lady Ida Sitwell Read at Old Bailey Trial.

ALLEGATIONS OF BLACKMAIL.

A number of remarkable letters were read at the trial, which was continued at the Old Bailey yesterday, of Lady Ida Sitwell and two men named Oliver Herbert and Julian Field, on a charge of conspiring to defraud Miss Francis Dobbs of £6,000. The hearing was adjourned.

The prisoner Herbert was further cross-examined by Mr. Gordon Hewart, K.C., who is defending Lady Sitwell.

Counsel read the following letter written by Herbert to Lady Ida on July 12, 1912, three days after the bills became due:—

"My Lady,—I respectfully beg to inform you I am not at all satisfied with the way this matter is allowed to drift, and I must ask you to see me here personally at once, otherwise I shall have no alternative but to see Sir George without delay."

In one letter Herbert enclosed a cutting from a London paper which stated that Lord and Lady Londesborough and Sir George and Lady Ida Sitwell were to attend a ball in aid of the Lady Ida Sitwell Convalescent Home at Scarborough.

Counsel next read a letter written by Herbert to Lady Ida on August 29, 1912, which was signed "Oliver Herbert, Private Detective Expert":—

"I have been in communication with your solicitors, also Miss Dobbs's solicitors, and my own solicitors. Apparently you are prepared to give £500 towards the meeting of the bills. This is not enough. I must request you to pay at least £1,000. The letter went on to say that he had telegraphed to Scarborough for tickets for the ball, and that if he did not get the money he should go to Scarborough and "openly declare to the public the way in which you induced innocent people to sign bills."

"ANNIE" TAKES THE LEAD

Margaret Ousted from First Place in Women's Great Name Race.

The name of Margaret, which hitherto was at the top of the list in the British Red Cross "Women's Name Race" for providing ambulance cars for the front, has, for the time being, been ousted by the simple, pretty name of Annie!

To be the first to obtain £400 (the cost of a fully-equipped car) has now become the ambition of the hundred or more women who are collecting for all the Annies, Marys, Alices, etc., in the country.

Up to a few days ago the most popular names (those which had collected the most money) were as follow:—

	Amount Collected.
1—Margaret	£259 10 0
2—Rita	250 0 0
3—Katherine	156 0 0
4—Elizabeth	170 0 0
5—Mary	140 0 0

The Annies of Great Britain (represented by Lady Highmore) and the Hildas, collected for by Miss Smallwood and Miss Wardell-Yerburgh, have now jumped into prominence.

Annie now takes first place with a total of £230 and Hilda fourth with a total of £171 8s.

Subscriptions for any name will be received by the Headquarters Collection Committee of the British Red Cross Society, Room 99, 83 Pall Mall, and will be forwarded on to the collector.

HUN AMBASSADOR'S SEMI-DISGUISE.

His Germanic Majesty's Minister Travels in Tramp Steamer.

"V" MINUS THE "ON."

How the German Minister to China crossed the seas from America to Shanghai in a tramp steamer has just been told in the Japanese Press.

In Germany this emissary of the Fatherland is pompously described as "His Imperial Germanic Majesty's Minister to the Republic of China."

When "His Imperial Germanic Majesty's Minister to the Republic of China" booked his passage on the Norwegian tramp steamer Christian Bors he took the modest denomination of "Mr. V. Heintze."

As it was "Mr. V. Heintze" that he stayed for a week at the Astor House Hotel prior to his departure for Pekin to blossom forth under his proper title of "von Heintze," the successor to the late Baron von Haxthausen.

"Why this extraordinary secrecy?" asks the *Japan Times*. "Why the sacrifice of the cherished 'von' for the inglorious 'V'?" Why the tramp steamer?

CASE OF "WILLIAMS" AND "HALL."

"Diplomatic representatives are not contraband of war, and Shanghai is neutral territory, except as otherwise used by Herr von Heintze's compatriots."

Among the ship's company of the Christian Bors were two who have recently gained some notoriety in San Francisco under the names of "Williams" and "Hall."

Some time before the Christian Bors was due to leave Seattle these two had been interesting themselves in the cargo of the steamer Olson and Mahony, destined for California.

This, by the way, was just before the Scharnhorst and Gneisenau fell in with Vice-Admiral Scurie of the British fleet.

Before the Olson and Mahony cleared the Federal authorities became very much interested in her too—also in "Williams" and "Hall." But the latter would seem to be no less retiring of disposition than "V. Heintze."

Shunning the bright light of a Californian day, they sought through an agent, for a ship to take them to Seattle, whence they counted on making China.

So they escaped while the Federal authorities cleared out the cargo of the Olson and Mahony and advertised for the owners of it, who, again rather curiously, are said to have been most reluctant to come forward to claim their property.

"Williams" and "Hall" meanwhile had gained Seattle and the Christian Bors in safety, and ultimately arrived in Shanghai in the *Connaught*.

They saw a great deal of "Mr. V. Heintze" on board, and expect to see still more of him in China.

SECRET SERVICE MEN.

There is another man, named Bohme, who has also been interested in several curious cargoes leaving South American ports for unknown destinations. He, it is stated, is in Manchuria.

"Williams," "Hall" and Bohme are, it is known, all "first-class German secret service men."

It would be interesting to know what use the new Minister proposes to make of his suite, "Williams," "Hall" and Bohme.

For the German cruiser *Albatross* the bottom of the sea, Tsingtau fell many weeks ago, and the Chinese are fully aware of German tarradiddles of perpetual victory.

Still a few secret men who are ready to assume any character that the exigencies of the moment require may do a lot to poison the minds of the Chinese against Great Britain, even if they cannot rehabilitate German prestige.

"SWORE HE WON V.C."

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

DUBLIN, March 10.—John McDonald, a youth who was alleged to have obtained money by falsely representing that he had won the V.C., was charged in the police court here to-day and sent for trial.

A woman named Mrs. Worthington said prisoner called at her house in island-bridge and said he had distinguished himself in the retreat from Mons by carrying a wounded captain in the *Connaught Rangers* to safety under heavy fire.

He told witness he was on his way to Buckingham Palace to receive the Victoria Cross, and asked her for money. She expressed doubt about his story, and thereupon prisoner produced a crucifix which was, he said, given to him on the battlefield by a priest, and swore twice upon it that everything he said was true.

Witness then gave him 22s.

MILLIONAIRE ANARCHIST'S ARREST.

PARIS, March 9.—There have been numerous complaints lately of the distribution of anti-patriotic seditious pamphlets and the circulation of false news, which has led to a police inquiry resulting in the arrest of several persons. These include two men named Lorulot and Provost, the latter being a millionaire Anarchist.—Reuter.

A German prisoner of war, named Windeski, on whom watches, medals and other stolen articles were found, has been sentenced by a court-martial at Grenoble, says Reuter, to three years imprisonment.



"Tommy" goes for a drive in Egypt in his "little donkey chaise." The "moke" is driven by a native.

BRITISH CAPTURE VILLAGE, 1,000 PRISONERS AND MACHINE GUNS

**Our Army Sweeps Forward,
Driving Foe Back with
Heavy Loss.**

**SPLENDID FEAT OF ARMS
NEAR LA BASSEE.**

**H.M.S. Ariel Strikes a Fresh
Blow at the German
Pirates.**

**SUPER-DREADNOUGHT IN THE
STRAITS.**

A brilliant victory has been gained by the British Army in the neighbourhood of La Basse, France.

Supported by French heavy artillery, the British captured the village of Neuve Chapelle and advanced to the north-east in the direction of Aubers and to the south-east in the direction of Bois de Biez.

The German losses were very heavy, and a thousand prisoners, including several officers and some machine guns were captured. An Australian contingent, it was stated last night, has arrived in England.

**BRITISH DRIVE FOE BACK
IN DOUBLE ADVANCE.**

**French Heavy Artillery Aids in Brilliant
Success Between River and Canal.**

PARIS, March 10.—To-night's official French communiqué states:—

In Belgium the town of Nieuport was very violently bombarded with 42 centimetre guns.

Between the River Lys and the La Bassee Canal the British Army, supported by our heavy artillery, achieved an important success. It carried the village of Neuve Chapelle to the east of the road from Estaires to La Bassee, advanced to the north-east of this village in the direction of Aubers and to the south-east in the direction of Bois de Biez, capturing a thousand prisoners, including several officers, and some machine guns.

The German losses were very heavy. In Champagne the enemy made violent counter-attacks at various times in the night of March 9-10, and during the day to-day. He did not gain an inch of ground.

We consolidated and extended our positions on the ridges which we seized, inflicting heavy losses on the assailants.

On the heights of the Meuse our artillery completely demolished a certain number of the enemy's trenches. Reuter.

FRENCH CAPTURE A RIDGE.

PARIS, March 10.—This afternoon's official communiqué says:—

To the north of Arras, in the region of Notre Dame de Lorette, the night was quiet and the situation is unchanged.

The important work of progress yesterday in Champagne is confirmed.

A very violent German counter-attack was made last night on Ridge No. 198. It was vigorously repulsed.

We moreover, gained a little ground along the road from Perthes to Tahure.

On the crest north-east of Mesnil our infantry, after having carried the German work mentioned in the last communiqué, reached a crest beyond on the road from Perthes to Maisons en Champagne.

FIERCE TRENCH FIGHTS.

In the Argonne, at Fontaine-Madame we demolished a blockhouse and pushed forward our trenches eighty yards.

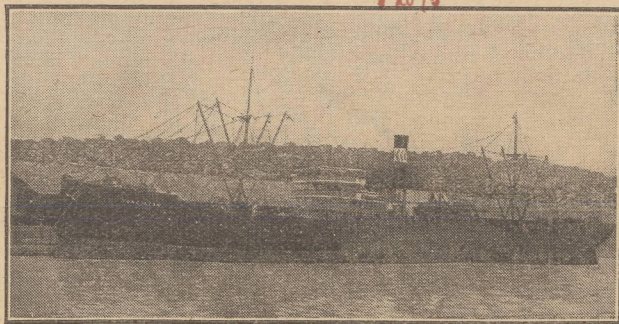
Between the Fort de Paris and Bolante the enemy, attacking at 4 p.m., took from us the trenches captured in the morning. A fresh attack gave us once more possession of them.—Reuter.

**QUEEN ELIZABETH ENTERS
THE DARDANELLES.**

**New Super-Dreadnought, with Four Battle-
ships, Bombards Turkish Fort.**

PARIS, March 10.—A communiqué issued by the Minister of Marine states that during Monday the British super-Dreadnought Queen Elizabeth, supported by four battleships, entered the Dardanelles and bombarded with her 15-inch guns Fort Roumeli Medjidié Tabia, south of Point Hare.

Bad weather hindered the operations.—Central News.



The British steamer Tangistan, which was torpedoed off Scarborough. Of the crew of thirty-eight, only one was saved.

VON TIRPITZ LOSES ANOTHER "U LAMB."

**U 12 Rammed and Sunk by British Destroyer—10 of Crew of
28 Saved—Submarine Fires on Trawler.**

It was announced yesterday by the Admiralty that the U 20 had been rammed and sunk by the destroyer Ariel.

Subsequently, however, the Admiralty issued the following announcement:—

"Later and more detailed reports have now been received which establish the fact that the German submarine which was rammed and sunk by H.M.S. Ariel was U 12, and that out of her crew of twenty-eight the number saved was ten."

And this news follows speedily upon the announcement that early on Tuesday morning three ships had been torpedoed off Scarborough, Liverpool and Hastings.

Von Tirpitz's "U lambs" are having a sorry time of it.

Since Germany's blockade began the Huns have lost eight or ten of their vessels. That, at any rate, was the reported estimate of the German officers on board the U 8, which was sunk in the Channel off Dover on March 4.

The Germans call a submarine an "Unterseeboot," hence their classification as U's.

The Ariel is a destroyer of the 1910-11 programme; 773 tons, 15,000 horse-power, 29 knots, with two 4-in. and two 12-pounder guns. She was built by Thornycroft.

FIRE D ON BY PIRATES.

NEWHAVEN, March 10.—The captain and crew, sixteen in all, of the steam trawler Griseze, of Boulogne, were landed here about three o'clock this morning by the trawler Cosmopolite, of Ramsgate.

The Griseze, in company with two other Boulogne trawlers, was bound for the fishing grounds, and when about twenty miles west-south-west of Beachy Head at 3 p.m. yesterday a submarine of the German U class, number unknown, came to the surface and made signs to the crew of the Griseze to go aboard the Rams-gate trawler, which was in the vicinity.

Before the crew were able to get both boats out the submarine commenced firing at the Griseze with her gun, damaging one of her boats so badly that after the craft was lowered to the water the master and two men on board had the greatest difficulty in keeping the boat afloat.

They were eventually picked up by the second boat.

The Griseze was struck several times by gunfire. One shot probably hit the boilers as an explosion was heard.

At 5 p.m. the submarine dived on perceiving a large steamer coming down from the eastward. At dusk the Griseze was still afloat, but in a sinking condition.

THRILLING WORK OF ARMY MOTOR-MEN.

"The most serious complaint that has ever been made is that plum jam has been issued too frequently," says "Eye-Witness" in an article dealing with the supply service.

Speaking of the splendid way in which this branch of the Army surmounts all the many difficulties with which it has to contend, "Eye-Witness" says: It is not surprising that this is the first campaign in the history of the Army in which there has been no grumbling as to the quantity or quality of the food.

It has been only with the hearty co-operation of the French railway officials with our officers of the Army Service Corps that all difficulties have been overcome.

The excellence of the performance of the supply columns during the present campaign is shown by the fact that, except during the retirement, not a single day has passed upon which food has not reached our men.

Even during the retirement, when it was not

actually conveyed up to the troops by supply columns, it was taken close to them and left on the ground to be picked up.

"There may not be much pleasure," says "Eye-Witness," "in the life led by the driver of the motor-lorry, but those who imagine that the roads are uneventful, humdrum existence should hear the experiences of some of these men."

"They included early in the war many narrow escapes from hostile cavalry patrols, long night journeys without lights over bad roads between hostile lines, daily drives over the open stretch of a plateau swept by howitzer shell, and generally exciting days and sleepless nights spent in taking up food and carrying back wounded."

"It will, then, be realised that there is as much romance and excitement and as much opportunity for heroism in driving a lorry as there is in seemingly more adventurous duties."

"VICTORY AS USUAL" IS WHAT WE WANT.

**Chancellor's Appeal for Sacrifices
to Secure Larger Output of
Munitions.**

CAPTIVE BRITONS' PLIGHT.

The great scheme of the Government for organising the whole of the engineering community so as to increase the output of war munitions was disclosed in detail in the House of Commons last night.

An important announcement was made by the Chancellor of the Exchequer when the House went into Committee on the measure, viz., the Defence of the Realm (No. 2) Bill.

"Compensation for loss under the Act has not been lost sight of," Mr. Lloyd George stated. "Some people will be inconvenienced, but we are in a state of war." The House cheered.

It was not a "business as usual," he added. Instead of "business as usual" he wanted "victory as usual."

It was a matter of life and death for this country, and what should increase enormously our munitions of war.

In spite of loss to individuals, the national need was so overwhelming that he hoped that those who were inconvenienced in the matter of contracts would put up with it.

COMPENSATION TRIBUNAL.

The Government would, he trusted, not be pressed too far on the matter of compensation, because the whole community might have indirectly to suffer by the emergency.

Mr. Bonar Law said he believed that the mere passing of the Bill would obviate the necessity of putting its provisions into practice.

It would act as a motive power to increase the ordinary output in the ordinary way. (Cheers.)

The Unionist Government considered whether or not it should be put into an Act of Parliament that people were entitled to reasonable compensation for specific loss.

Mr. Long said the general desire was that there should be a separate tribunal to lay down the principles of compensation.

Sir John Simon said the Government hoped to be able to announce before Tuesday the names of the commission to be appointed to deal with this matter.

The Committee stage was concluded and the Bill was read a third time.

DEATH FOR THE BRITISH?

The alarming reports concerning the treatment of British prisoners of war by the German authorities were brought to the notice of the Prime Minister.

Mr. Asquith informed Lord Charles Beresford that the Government had learned on full authority that British prisoners of war were not allowed the use of tobacco, and they had made representations through the United States Embassy to Germany on the subject on January 28. No reply had yet been received.

Have the Government received official knowledge of orders having been issued by German officers to their troops that British prisoners of war should be put to death, and, if so, has that fact been officially notified to neutral Governments? asked Mr. Ronald McNeill.

"No such information has been received officially," was the Prime Minister's cautious answer.

"Eye-Witness" said so? pressed Mr. McNeill.

"I should assume it was correct if 'Eye-Witness' said so," replied Mr. Asquith.

Lord Robert Cecil strongly opposed any retaliatory measures on our prisoners. They would at the end of the war make the officials responsible for deliberate cruelty to British prisoners in Germany.

In a maiden Ministerial speech, Mr. Neil Primrose said he understood the treatment of prisoners on their way from the battlefield had been very harsh.

The Government had propounded a scheme to the German Government by which Quarter-masters of United States nationality should keep in touch at Berlin with all the internment camps and distribute what was sent for their comfort.

They had received no reply from the German Government.

FATEFUL BALLOT PAPERS

Ballot papers were issued yesterday to members of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers so that they may vote upon the question of giving authority to their Executive Committee.

To accept as final any decision given by the Court of Arbitration appointed by the Government to consider the application of the Clyde engineers for a wages advance of 2d. an hour.

The papers are returnable by the middle of next week.

BULGARIAN MINISTER GONE?

PARIS, March 10.—The Geneva Tribune states that the Bulgarian Minister in Vienna has left that city secretly.—Central News.

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Newspaper
Surprise!*

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Daily Mirror

THURSDAY, MARCH 11, 1915.

ADVANCE GENIUS!

IT USED TO BE made a reproach against the former things that passed away in August, it used to be said against our system of those days, that it was more or less a conspiracy of mediocrity against the natural rights of genius; and the unrecognised genius who held this view could easily find a number of examples to paint his so familiar picture of business ability left to sweep out shops, and only with a struggle obtaining (after fifty) a partnership in the firm's enterprise. Then we needn't do more than mention the lady novelist—afterwards recognised as the first of her kind—who for years patrolled the publishers with her immortal manuscript, so daintily written!—as now you may see, for it is carefully glassed in the museum case. No one would listen to her! At last, embittered, she died in want, and the world proclaimed her novel as the best ever written in the upright angular style.

We are certain that at the beginning of the war the ancient hum and buzz of the Unrecognised resounded about the doors of the official. The Patent Office knew them. Publishers were besieged by them. They wrote to Cabinet Ministers. And now it may be that one or two of them have been "discovered"—Mr. Churchill gave us an instance—and duly mobilised, genius and all, for our tremendous task. In every possible department of productivity for war they are wanted, and it is in case any of them may still be holding back that we appeal to all of the latent marvels swiftly to step forth from the dull-hued majority—swiftly to come over and help us as our recognised geniuses already help us in this war. For now—as even the embittered will admit—the already recognised are perfectly willing to give a place to the as yet unknown. They want everybody who can do anything warlike well. Promotion for everybody. Pay for all. All the money we can command by our paper fictions and financial gymnastics is ready for you, geniuses. Scientists, chemists, doctors, engineers, airmen, landmen, seamen, do not hold back; be discovered, if you please, promptly! The Government is mobilising everything.

What a chance, especially, does this day present to those lurking business geniuses to whom the Chancellor of the Exchequer appealed when he said in the House of Commons that the Government "were on the lookout for a good strong business man, with some push and go in him, who would be able to put the thing through." It is precisely the need of the moment. The thing must be put through. All are striving overtime for that. But the new talent is needed to reinforce that already under arms.

Why, then, need we dread any more to hear the wail of the Unrecognised? "What is the good of my novel now: no publisher will take it?" Yes: it will do for the soldiers, on their backs in bed. "What about my invention for securing perpetual peace?" Keep it, keep it; it will be needed. "And what about my job I lost, though I am a genius, when war broke out?" There are others for her genius.

Genius for action, genius for putting the thing through, genius to make the great will of a striving time effective—advance all of it! And you of the new army, *jeune lieutenant d'artillerie*, young new Bonaparte obscure and silent—be silent no more, since the day for you and for your spirit is with us. Take it and make the most of it. For this sort of day (to tell the truth) we hope will never come back to us. W. M.

OUR STRENGTH TO-DAY.

Not gold, but only men can make
A people great and strong—
Men who for truth and honour's sake,
Stand fast and suffer long.

Brave men who work while others sleep.
Who dare while others fly—
They build a nation's pillars deep.
And lift them to the sky. —EMERSON.

LOOKING THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

DIED OF PATIENCE.

IT IS suggested that for those people who, notwithstanding their day's work, feel quite active after dinner, nothing could be better than a game of patience. Assuming that nothing can be done by these same people to alleviate any of the distress consequent upon the war, would they not do better to take up some congenial study? I think one of the least pleasant of English traits is this desire for card playing; it betrays a melancholy dependence upon externals for relief from boredom. Wasn't Napoleon's end hastened by his inveterate games of patience? F. M. R.

THE OPEN-AIR CURE.

WITH REGARD to the question of fresh air, the fact that several of your correspondents find it

fresh air without these exercises is like letting a stream of water flow into the neck of a bottle. The bottle must be emptied occasionally for the water to be pure and the bottle clean.

A person who breathes through the nose and observes deep breathing exercises is less susceptible to "germs" under normal conditions than the fresh air expert when living in full enjoyment of his pet theories. This, at least, is the opinion I have come to by observation during the past five years. MODERATION.

THE SUNDAY GORGE.

AS ONE who has never "slumped" or lived in a slum, I would like to champion the working-class wife and mother, who, unable to give her family a good dinner every day, does so on Sunday.

In hundreds of homes Sunday is the only

LOVE AT HOME.

Problems of Family Life Discussed in War Time.

THE SERVICE OF LOVE.

"ANOTHER MAN" says that love is spelled "Service."

Quite true, and might I add that a husband is the servant, to whom love never pays any wages. DEFINITION.

THE ENERGETIC PARENT.

I HAVE been very much interested in the letters of your correspondents on the subject of the toleration of parents. One or two mothers have given their views; perhaps it is now time for another girl to take up the subject.

I am very thankful indeed to be able to state that both my father and my mother are an inspiration to me.

It is not that I imagine them to be perfect. Defects I know they have—I could name them, though they are but slight and rather lovable weaknesses—but the great point is—that they are! Intellectually, both are graduates, and all through their lives have kept in very active and practical touch with all the most modern movements for social reform and have read all the best modern literature. Physically, both have kept themselves marvellously fit, both through the energy of their everyday lives and also through the energetic and enterprising character of their holidays. I suppose there cannot be many grown-up young people to whom it is a pleasure to go away with their parents. But ours take us for cycling tours on the Continent, and are themselves equal to thirty or forty miles' cycling a day!

Of course, I know quite well that my parents are exceptional. No parents of any of my friends have anything like their individuality or purposefulness. And if we were not fairly well off many of the things I have spoken of would have been impossible.

Still, what I want to say to other girls is this: If you do not want your daughters to "tolerate" you, or speak of your "blatant defects," live a positive and useful life, bring them up well, and they will respect and love you.

PROUD OF MY PARENTS.

THE UNBORN CHILD.

I VERY much want to ask those of your readers who write vaguely about the duty of men and women to bring up good children if they ever think of a duty they might possibly owe to the unborn child?

I suppose they consider the world as it is to-day a sufficiently charming heritage to quite justify their attitude. I only hope the children may find it so. W. J. S.

UNEMPLOYED WOMEN.

AS a middle-class householder, I protest very strongly against the efforts made by misguiding enthusiasts in organising and encouraging the emigration of young women who are suitable for domestic servants.

The fact remains that ever since the war the dearth of good domestic servants has increased, and I, like thousands of other housewives, find it impossible to get efficient and industrious maids. The result is the housewife is eternally worried and overworked by having to do the work of a cook or parlourmaid in addition to her own duties of supervision, attention to children, and the never-ending details connected with even a small household.

If you make inquiries, especially in the outer suburbs of London, you will hear deep complaints about this state of things, which has become very serious.

I wish many women would begin by helping the home before trying to help the world at the front.

HOUSEHOLDER.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

It is the lifted face that feels the shining of the sun.—Browning.

HOW TO DRESS AS A GENTLEMAN IN GERMANY.

EXTREMES TO WHICH HATRED OF ANYTHING ENGLISH MAY LEAD GERMANS



A little book has just come out in Germany which professes to teach young men how to be truly and patriotically gentlemen. They are never on any account to wear anything English. German fashions everywhere! In little while, the Berlin "nut" will, no doubt, know exactly how to make clothes and kultur conform.—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

impossible to sit in a room or railway carriage with the windows open proves nothing. In reality it is a confession of weakness. The temperature which they enjoy is not merely unnatural, but such that it renders them unfit to withstand the least hardship. Disease, we know, flourishes in places where there is no current of clean air, and it is testimony to the health-giving properties of fresh air that our hospitals insist upon ventilation which comprises the draughts to which our fastidiously friends so object.

As regards physical endurance, I personally would back a man like Lieutenant Muller—or, for that matter, any other known advocate of fresh air—against one of these ithouseo fanatics. M. E. B.

MY view is that those persons who think a constant stream of fresh air is necessary for good health appear to neglect the more important exercise of deep breathing. The air in the lower lung cells should be changed by deep exhalations and inhalations two or three times a day. Simply to breathe

day the family is united, and what greater pleasure can mother provide than a good dinner, to be looked forward to all the week.

As I look back forty years to my childhood's days, what happy memories those Sunday gorges recall, and yet a big family, small wages, and no garden. What an extravagant mother! Yes, but a fine cook, and she loved to watch us "tuck in."

WEST COUNTRY MOTHER.

IN MY GARDEN.

MARCH 10.—There is just time to plant roses, but the work should be finished as soon as possible. I have been asked to give the names of a dozen good roses suitable for the small garden.

The following are all reliable kinds:—Mrs. J. Laing (soft pink), Madame Ravary (salmon-buff), Madame A. Chateau (c-rmine-rose), Gustave Regis (yellow), General McArthur (crimson), Hugh Dickson (crimson), Frau K. Druschke (white), Ulrich Brunner (cherry-red), Conrad Meyer (rose), Caroline Testout (pink), Lyon (shrimp pink), and Lady Battersea (cherry-crimson).

E. F. T.

TURKS "HOLDING" THE DARDANELLES.

91129



Turks firing on a British aeroplane. The incident, however, only took place in the German artist's imagination. But Berlin appears able to believe anything, even the absurdly fanciful reports which are published about the bombardment of the Dardanelles.

SAVED LIFE WITH TEETH.

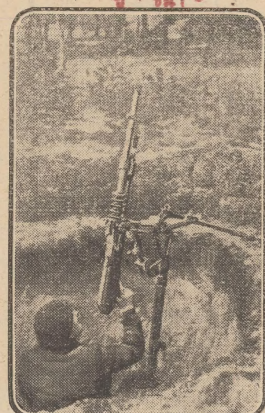
P. 14094



Fireman Harry Darkins, awarded the police medal for bravery at a Knightsbridge. He used his teeth to carry a woman.

WHAT AIRMEN FEAR.

9415



A French anti-aircraft gun in its pit in the Argonne. These weapons have proved most effective.

LADY

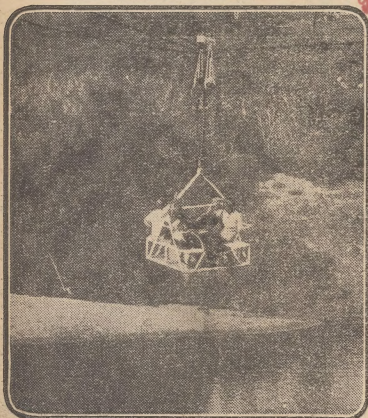
P. 1392



Lady Ida S. car on arrival trial was res with Oliver

BRITISH OFFICERS "NEST" IN A TREE.

8325 G



How the rivers are crossed.



Officers among the branches.

These pictures were taken in British East Africa, near the borders of the enemy's territory. The officers practically live up the tree, and are seen taking afternoon tea. They have made a "nest" with straw, and are quite comfortable. They are, of course, continually on the lookout.

GERMAN SPIES IN THE

9444



The waiter learns important facts from the army officer.

The war has, of course, made its influence felt in the nursery, and dolls which the spy game can be played are now easily the favourite toys. They

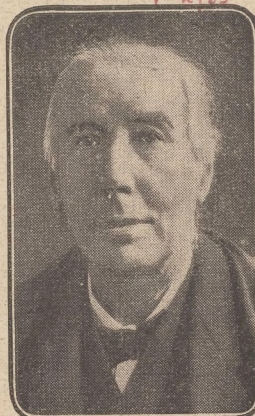
WELL

MR. BALFOUR'S
NIECE TO WED.



Miss Joan Balfour, daughter of Lady Frances Balfour and niece of Mr. Arthur Balfour, who is to be married to-day to the Hon. Edward Lascelles, son of Lord Harewood.—(Val L'Estrange.)

PRINCIPAL DEAD.



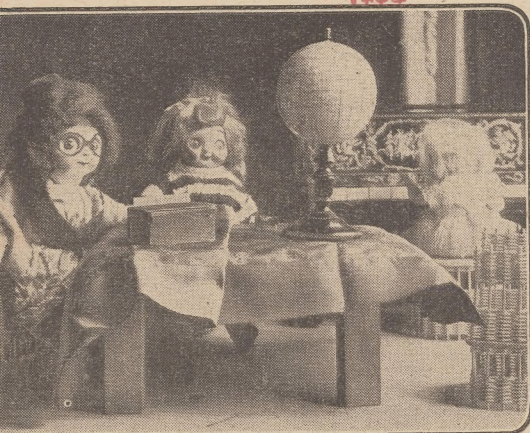
Principal Sir James Donaldson, of St. Andrews University, who has died.—(Lafayette.)

TRYING TO KEEP BACK THE RUSSIANS.



Germans getting ready to fire a machine-gun in Poland, where matters are going none too well with Von Hindenburg. According to the latest reports, desperate fighting is taking place in the Politz region, and the Russians are taking a very heavy toll of life.

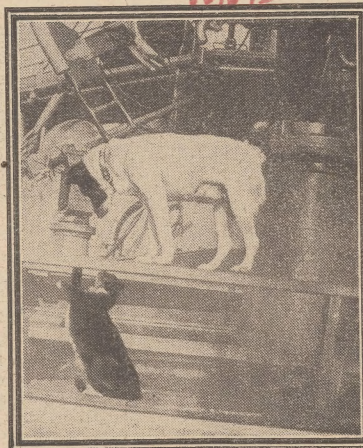
AND THE RESTAURANT.



Fraulein, the nursery governess, is in reality a spy.

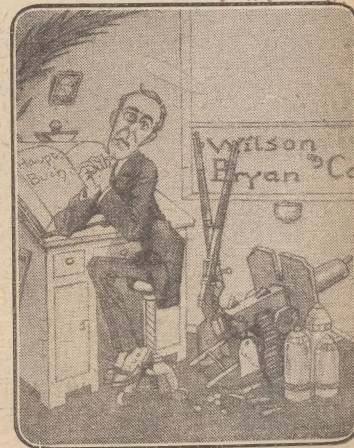
cleverly made, as will be seen from these two groups. They are also much elaborate than old-fashioned toys.

A GAME OF HIDE-AND SEEK.



Two naval pets who are the best of friends. They play together all day, while their owners wait for the Germans to come out.

"BOUND TO BE RIGHT."



"I pray for peace and deliver cannons; one of them is bound to be right," says President Wilson in this German cartoon.

To-day's Toilet Hints.

SELECTED RECIPES FROM HERE AND THERE—THINGS EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW.

The Magnetism of Beautiful Hair.

"Applied Arts."

Beautiful hair adds immensely to the personal magnetism of both men and women. Actresses and smart women are ever on the lookout for any harmless thing that will increase the natural beauty of their hair. The latest method is to use pure stallax as a shampoo on account of the peculiarly glossy, fluffy and wavy effect which it leaves. As stallax has never been used much for this purpose it comes in the form of only in jib, sealed original packages, enough for twenty-five or thirty shampoos. A teaspoonful of the fragrant stallax granules, dissolved in a cup of hot water, is more than sufficient for each shampoo. It is very beneficial and stimulating to the hair, apart from its beautifying effect.

Permanently Removing Superfluous Hair.

"Toilet Gossip."

How to permanently, not merely temporarily, remove a downy growth of disfiguring superfluous hair is what many women wish to know. It is a pity that it is not more generally known that pure powdered pheninol, obtainable from the chemists, may be used for this purpose. It is applied directly to the objectionable hair. The recommended treatment not only instantly removes the hair, leaving no trace, but is designed also to kill the roots completely.

Don't Have Grey Hair.

A simple, old-fashioned, home-made recipe will make the greyness disappear.

Grey hair is often a serious handicap to both men and women while still in the prime of life. Hair dyes are not advisable because they are always obvious, inconvenient and often downright injurious. Few people know that a very simple formula, which is easily made up at home, will turn the hair back to a natural colour in a perfectly harmless manner. You have only to get an ounce of tannic acid concentrate from your chemist and mix it with four ounces of bay rum to prove this. Apply this simple and harmless lotion for a few nights to the hair with a small sponge and the greyness will gradually disappear. The lotion is neither sticky nor greasy, and has proved over and over again for generations past by those in possession of the formula.

To Have Smooth, White Skin, Free From Blemish.

"Boudoir Gossip."

Does your skin chape or roughen easily, or become unduly red or blotchy? Let me tell you a quick and easy way to overcome the trouble and keep your complexion beautifully white and smooth. The most common remedy, mercurised wax at the chemists and use a little before retiring as you would use cold cream. The wax, through some peculiar action, flecks off the rough discoloured and inflamed skin. The worn out cuticle comes off just like dandruff on a diseased scalp, only in almost invisible particles. Mercurised wax simply hastens Nature's work, which is the rational and proper way to obtain a perfect complexion. The skin sought after, but very seldom seen. The process is perfectly simple and quite harmless.

Blackheads Fly Away.

Instantaneous remedy for blackheads, greasy skin and large pores.

A practically instantaneous remedy for black heads, greasy skin and enlarged pores, recently discovered, is now coming into general use in the boudoir. It is very simple, harmless and pleasant. Drop a styrol tablet, obtained at the chemists, in a tumbler full of hot water. After the effervescence has subsided bathe the face in the liquid, using a small sponge or soft cloth. In a few minutes dry the face and the offensive blackheads will come right off on the towel. Also the large oily pores immediately close up and efface themselves naturally. The greasiness disappears and the skin is left smooth, soft and cool. This simple treatment is then repeated a few times at intervals of four or five days to ensure the permanence of the result.

PARKER BELMONT'S CLYNOL BERRIES FOR OBESITY.—(Adv't.)

LOANS DURING WAR AS USUAL.

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YOUNG ITALY WANTS TO FIGHT.



In many of the large towns of Italy, the young men who want Italy to intervene are drilling every evening after their day's work.

£5,000 FOR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS.

"The Daily Mirror's" Record Offer for Snapshots of War Incidents.

SEND FILMS NOW.

£5,000 for amateur photographers!

The offer made by *The Daily Mirror* of £1,000, £250 and £100 for the first, second and third most interesting photographs of a war happening has proved to be so attractive to amateur photographers everywhere that we have decided to set aside a further £3,650 to be paid for more war snapshots.

The additional sum of £3,650 will be paid out in various amounts, week by week, as the photographs appear. There will be a large number of handsome payments for the best snapshots published each week. All photographs used will be well paid for.

£1,000 FOR BEST PICTURE.

The additional sum of £1,000 will be paid for the most interesting snapshot published by the Editor between now and July 31. £250 will be given for the second most interesting photograph and £100 for the third.

The additional sum of £3,650 makes *The Daily Mirror's* offer the most remunerative yet submitted for the consideration of amateur photographers. Films will be developed free. Senders' names will not be disclosed.

This offer does not apply to photographs received through picture agencies or from professional photographers.

The Editor's decision must be accepted as final, and the copyright of photographs bought under this arrangement will be vested in *The Daily Mirror*.

Send all your war snapshots to *The Daily Mirror*, Bouverie-street, London, E.C.

PUBLIC-HOUSE FOR WOMEN.

Women are to have at least one public-house which they can call their very own. The Duchess of Teck, known as the Despard Arms, and is to be opened at 50, Cumberland-market, Albany-street. Mrs. Despard made the announcement at yesterday afternoon's meeting of the Women's Freedom League.

The women of the poorer classes, she said, had no opportunities of meeting together and discussing questions of interest, unless they frequented the "pubs." Women needed some place where they could meet together at night, and the league was therefore making this experiment.

DEATH OF MRS. BIRRELL.

Mrs. Birrell, the wife of Mr. Augustine Birrell, M.P., Chief Secretary for Ireland, died yesterday evening. She had been ill for some time and until quite recently strong hopes were entertained of her recovery.

She was the daughter of Frederick and Lady Charlotte Locker, and she married Mr. Birrell in 1888, after the death of her first husband, the Hon. Lionel Tennyson. Mr. Birrell had also been married once before, his first wife dying in 1879.

DUKE OF TECK ON SICK LEAVE.

The Duke of Teck, who is staying, says the Central News, at the Villa Nevada, Cannes, with the Duchess of Teck, is on leave owing, it is stated, to gastric trouble.

For this reason the Duke of Teck has come over to the Queen Mary Home at Nice for consultation and, if necessary, treatment. Meanwhile the Duke accompanies the Duchess in walks, drives and visits to friends.—Central News.

The mutilated remains of a well-dressed woman were found yesterday on the Great Western Railway line between Maidenhead and Twyford.

GAVE UP THE "VON."

German Ambassador's Tramp Steamer Voyage in Semi-Disguise.

How the German Minister to China crossed the seas from America to Shanghai in a tramp steamer has just been told in the Japanese Press.

When "His Imperial German Majesty's Minister to the Republic of China" booked his passage on the Norwegian tramp steamer Christian Bors he took the modest denomination of "Mr. V. Heintze."

It was as "Mr. V. Heintze" that he stayed for a week at the Astor House Hotel prior to his departure for Peking to blossom forth under his proper title of "von Heintze," the successor to the late Baron von Haxthausen.

Why this extraordinary secrecy? asks the *Japan Times*. "Why the sacrifice of the cherished 'von' for the inglorious 'V'? Why the tramp steamer?"

Among the ship's company of the Christian Bors were two who have recently gained some notoriety in San Francisco under the names of "Williams" and "Hall" in connection with the cargo of a ship, which left just before the Falkland Isles battle.

They saw a great deal of "Mr. V. Heintze" on board, and expect to see still more of him in China.

There is another man, named Bohme, who has also been interested in several curious cargoes leaving South America for unknown destinations. He, it is stated, is in Manchuria. "Williams," "Hall" and Bohme are all "first-class German secret service men."

It would be interesting to know what use the new Minister proposes to make of his suite, "Williams," "Hall" and Bohme.

SLUMP IN YOUNG WOMEN'S NOVELS.

Will the war have the effect of permanently reducing the output of novels by young women?

This question was suggested yesterday in a speech by Bishop Browne at the annual meeting of the Royal Literary Fund.

"There is no doubt," he said, "that the war has been a great check to the publication of a great number of books."

"I am glad that a particular kind of book—the novel written by young women—should be checked, and I hope the war will have a permanent effect upon that sort of thing."

Rioting has occurred in Lisbon as the result of labour leaders' agitations, says the Central News, and several persons have been injured by shots fired by the police and the rioters.

PEEVISH, BILIOUS CHILDREN LOVE "CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS."

Harmless "fruit laxative" cleanses tender stomach, liver and bowels without griping.

Don't scold your fretful, peevish child. See if the tongue is coated; this is a sure sign that the little stomach, liver and bowels are clogged with bile and imperfectly digested food.

When listless, pale, feverish, with tainted breath, a cold, or a sore throat; if the child does not eat, sleep or act naturally, or has stomach-ache, indigestion or diarrhoea, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the waste matter, bile and fermenting food will pass out of the

UNWORTHY OF CAPITAL 'K.'

Schoolboy's Description of Kaiser as Being "Nearly a Heathen."

"The Kaiser is the German Emperor, and he is a very wicked man and nearly a heathen." Such is the description applied to Germany's "Emperor" by Fred Smith, aged twelve, a pupil at Nash School, Stony Stratford, Bucks, whence several children's essays on the Kaiser have been forwarded to *The Daily Mirror*.

"His commands to his soldiers," Fred continues, "are to respect nothing, and he don't deserve a capital K to begin his name with."

"The Kaiser says he is 'God's Lieutenant.' He is a wicked wretch."

A promising young lad of ten, George Smith, takes the Kaiser to task for the Huns' murdering of women. He writes as follows:—

"The Kaiser wants to get to England. Then he would treat the English cruelly."

"No one will ever think anything of him any more. We do not want a man like that for our King, and we hope he won't get to England."

Wilfrid Varney, aged eleven, whose errors in spelling are left uncorrected, "lets himself go" in the following denunciation:—

"The Kaiser, who is the Emperor of Germany, is the wickedest, barbarous, villainous and also a murderer man as ever lived upon the earth. He isn't worth a farthing."

"It was him who started this great war. All he wishes for is to murder women and children."

"When he sent some airships and bombarded three English towns and killed many people, he was so filled with joy that he had the bells rung for joy."

"No one will ever think anything of him again."

One of the youngest writers, Willie Smith, aged eight, thinks the Kaiser "a silly to make the war and the Crown Prince is a silly as well."

"He thought he was going to have his Christmas dinner in Buckingham Palace, but he thought wrong and they call him Kaiser Bill."

KILLED BY HIS FALSE TEETH.

The death of a soldier who swallowed his two false teeth during his sleep was investigated at a Marylebone inquest yesterday.

The deceased was Trooper John W. G. Newman, nineteen, in the Buffs, and was in hospital at the time. When taken to hospital X-rays showed that the teeth were half-way down the gullet.

He was placed under an anæsthetic, but attempts to remove them by force were made. It was decided to operate on Monday, but the patient was taken suddenly worse and died.

The post-mortem showed that the hooks of the plate had penetrated through the walls of the gullet, and these had prevented any efforts to dislodge the plate.

A verdict of Accidental death was returned.

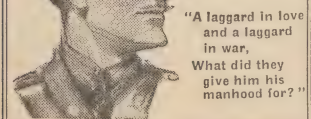
HOW TO HAVE A SLENDER FIGURE

EXPLAINED BY FAMOUS FRENCH HERB SPECIALIST.

"To preserve a youthful appearance and activity a lady ought to look in the mirror and take careful account of her figure every now and then," said Mrs. Despard in a recent beauty culture lecture. "If she sees a double chin forming, if cheeks, neck or arms are getting too plump or should hips and abdomen bulge more than they used to, it is time she did something beside just worrying. A simple herb recipe which I have never known to fail in taking off extra rolls of fat is easily made up at home by getting from the chemist one dram of quassa chips and three ounces of cirola bark extract. Put the quassa chips in a pan and pour over them a teaspoonful of boiling water. In about half a minute strain through a cloth and add the cirola bark to it. It is time she did something beside just worrying. 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RICHARD CHATTERTON, V.C.

A Romance of Love and Honour. By RUBY M. AYRES.



"A laggard in love and a laggard in war, What did they give him his manhood for?"

New Readers Begin Here.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.
RICHARD CHATTERTON, an easy-going young fellow who has allowed himself to become slack.
SONIA MARKHAM, a charming girl who abominates cowardice in any form.
LADY MERRIAM, a good-natured, stout, who manages introductions into society.
FRANCIS MONTAGUE, Chatterton's rival for Sonia. He limps through an accident.

RICHARD CHATTERTON is dozing in his club-room. He is dozing not because he particularly wants to, but because he has nothing better to do. He is not really a laggard, but he badly wants rousing out of himself.

Just lately his lazy serenity has been ruffled by one or two little disturbing incidents. One of them in particular is concerned with the charming girl he is engaged to—Sonia Markham.

As Richard Chatterton's thoughts drift on, he begins to realise more definitely that a shadow of something has begun to creep between them of late. It is very unattractive, and as Sonia—his Sonia—loves him admirably.

His reflections are interrupted by the sound of voices. From where they low down in an archway, Richard Chatterton cannot be seen. He recognises the voices of old Jardine and Montague—Montague, who is a friend of his.

Suddenly Chatterton listens more alertly. "Why doesn't Dick Chatterton go to the front?" old Jardine is saying. "He's a shacker and always will be," replies Montague. "He's not likely to rough it in the trenches when he can get a good time at home."

He doesn't care two straws about her—it's only the money he's after. . . . After a few more words they go out.

Richard Chatterton feels as though a stream of ice water had been sprayed down his back. Did they think he was afraid to go out? He had thought of doing so, he told himself. But he couldn't very well go with Sonia bare and ruin what he is losing.

He is shaken with a variety of emotions. Finally, he goes off to Lady Merriam's, with whom Sonia is staying.

Sonia's pretty eyes look at him in a curious way. The only question she asks is for the latest news of the war. He tells her of his conversation with old Jardine and Montague.

Be at the Franklins' dance to-night. I'll come away with you and marry you as soon as you like."

At the dance, Chatterton attends. Sonia speaks to Montague about her telephone message. To her horror, he tells her that he never had her message.

Instinctively, Sonia knows that it was Richard who had received the message. But when he comes to her, sick at heart and with his head in his hands, she knows that he is lying.

Sonia, believing Montague's insinuations about him, breaks off her engagement with him.

Richard Chatterton disappears into the circle of his friends, but to find him finds him. To his delight, Richard is dressed in khaki! The latter explains that he has put in for active service.

That is all off the front. Old Jardine is made to give his word that he will say nothing.

One or two days later Sonia receives a packet which contains all the letters she had sent to Richard. She looks at them with a dazed expression; then, in a hard voice, she says to Lady Merriam: "I have promised to marry Francis Montague as soon as he likes."

MONTAGUE'S SHOCK.

It was only when Sonia saw with her own eyes the many letters she had written to Richard sent back by his own hand, unwanted—unvalued—that she realised how intangible a thing had been the happiness she had dreamed of.

Stopping stones always leading down and away from the glorious pinnacle of happiness from which she had started, to this . . .

It was true that she had broken the engagement with Chatterton, but at that moment she felt as if the will and the deed had been his for surely he could never have cared, even a little, to have let her go so lightly.

A sense of burning shame and injured pride had driven her to speak of that promise to Montague; there had been no promise; for the past week she had been evading his eagerness, and turning a deaf ear to his pleadings, but now

he seemed the one hope she could cling to, the one chance to save her pride.

She would marry him; she would marry him as soon as ever he liked, and show Richard how little she cared for his indifference.

She went down on her knees beside Lady Merriam, and began gathering up the scattered letters recklessly.

Their very touch seemed to scorch her hands; and sentences she had written to him were as secure in the keel that he loved her, came rushing back to her memory and made her cheeks burn. She had a horrible feeling of certainty that Lady Merriam could read them through their craning envelopes; she carried the handful she held over to the fire and threw them on to the red coals, pressing them down and holding them there with the poker till they were nothing but grey, feathery ash.

But there were still the photographs. "You can't burn them," said Lady Merriam, a little uncertainly. "It would be such a shame. Give them to me, my dear, and I'll put them away." But Sonia only shook her head.

Her eyes were fiery; she kept her lips close to hide their trembling; she felt as if that hot wave of shame that was scorching her would sweep her away and leave her all burnt and destroyed beyond recognition. A letter folded about one of them fell and lay exposed on the hearth. As she bent to snatch it up some words in her own writing caught her eye.

"I have never been so happy—it seems as if it must be too good to last; I think I should die if I woke up, and found that you didn't really love me. . . ."

How could she have written those foolish words to him? Her cheeks were crimson, and her eyes full of tears, as she crushed the letter into her hand and flung it into the fire.

What a fool she had been—what a blind, sentimental fool! She looked round at Lady Merriam.

"That's done with," she said defiantly. "And now I only want to forget all about it."

The sound of words, with that throbbing pain in her throat, that choking sensation in her throat. Lady Merriam said nothing; she stood looking down at the grey ash powdering the grate, and her eyes were rather sad.

Perhaps she thought how impossible it is to bury the past; how impossible to forget a first love; how utterly hopeless to try and kill traitorous memory.

And now I'm going to be really, really happy," said Sonia.

She spoke in a high, excited voice; she stretched her arms above her head as if trying to shake off some weight that clung to her.

"We'll go down to Burvale and really enjoy ourselves. Mr. Jardine and Francis shall come with us, and we'll get up concerts for the Belgians and the wounded soldiers, and all manner of things. You'll like that, Lady Merriam, won't you?"

Lady Merriam looked into Sonia's flushed face with kindly eyes.

There is only one thing I shall like, and that is to see you happy," she said, bluntly. "Don't be a fool, Sonia, and cut off your nose to spite your face."

Sonia cried out indignantly. "I don't know what you mean! What do you mean?" but Lady Merriam walked out of the room without answering.

Sonia stood for a moment looking at the closed door, then she flung up her head defiantly. "Down, Francis!" she said. "She has done with the past—done with it; she was going to be happy with Francis."

She sat down at Lady Merriam's desk and began a letter to him, but her pen got no further than the word "Dear Francis." She did not know what to say; no words would come; she tore up the paper irritably and started another.

"Come round and see me. I want you."

She wrote this in a hurry, and then she looked at it, and now she changed her mind and fully addressed and stamped it. Posted, he would not get it till the morning; that would give her still a few hours respite. . . . found the little note amongst his pile of correspondence. He considered that it was the result of his seeming indifference the previous afternoon; he thought that it was a cleverly written trap.

Nothing like being a little standard to revive a woman's flagging interest.

But the letter was unsatisfactory.

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stick he carried, moving a quick pace forward in credulously, for the taller man of the two was Richard Chatterton. He was laughing and talking with his companion—a shorter, older man—and he looked very well and alert in his not particularly well-fitting uniform. He did not see Montague, and in a moment they were lost in the crowd.

Montague stood staring in the direction they had taken, wondering what was the matter with the frowning brows. Chatterton in khaki! Chatterton enlisted! And as an ordinary "Tommy." A dull sort of anger possessed him.

Supposing Sonia were to get to know this; supposing she knew already and had sent for him to say that she had no further use for him. A frenzy of anxiety consumed him. When at last a taxi came crawling along through the pale autumn sunshine he got into it with unusual alacrity and told the man to "drive like the deuce."

Chatterton in khaki! The thing was inconceivable after all that had happened. If Sonia knew she would make a tin god of him! If Sonia knew, all his own plans and desires would go to the wall.

Montague was no fool; he knew perfectly well that Sonia would never forget for Chatterton, but that her own disappointment, carefully nursed by his insinuations, had for the time being, at any rate, choked all feeling but resentment and disillusionment.

THE LIE.

HE was a little pale with apprehension when he at last he went into the room where Sonia was waiting for him. His real anxiety made his greeting doubly sincere and lovelike:

"My darling, I have only just got your note. I came as soon as ever I could."

He took her hands and bent and kissed them. One glance at her face had reassured him; she looked a little nervous and uncertain, but he knew he had nothing to fear. When he put an arm about her she offered no resistance, though she turned her face away.

"I sent for you because . . . because . . ." her voice faltered, but she went on bravely. Yesterday afternoon, after you left me, something happened, and—old Lady Merriam that you and I . . . you and I—were going to be married. . . ."

"Sonia . . ." She held him back gently but determinedly.

"I don't know what made me say it, but . . . but I was upset—and—oh, I hope you don't mind, that you don't think it horrid of me."

"Mind?" His face was radiant. She felt a pang of remorse as she looked at him; it seemed so unfair—such a one-sided bargain.

"You know that I ask nothing better than to have you for my wife. . . . I can't believe it. Sonia, you were so cold to me yesterday—I was so unhappy when I went away. Dearest, you're not just saying this impulsively; you won't change your mind?"

"No."

"You really want to marry me; you really care for me, after all?"

"I do want to marry you."

He did not notice that she had not answered the latter part of his question; he thought her averted head meant adorable shyness; he bent and kissed her hair just where it waved above a white temple; she moved a little, then, as if protesting.

He drew her down to sit beside him on the wide window seat; fading sunshine filled the room. She hardly heard Montague speaking to her; her whole being was concentrated on the thought of the crowding memories that would not die.

"Sonia—do you love me?"

As in a dream she heard the man at her side ask the question that Richard had whispered to her that night of the ball. For a moment she closed her eyes, and against the dark background of her lids she seemed to see him as he had looked when she walked away from him with a look of such cold and deadly reproach of his face, the hurt incredulity in his eyes.

"Why think about him—who he had never cared for her? She forced herself to smile—to answer cheerily.

"I don't care for you, then I don't care for anyone in the world."

Montague was satisfied; he told her he was happier than he had ever dreamed it possible to be. He drew a little away from him.

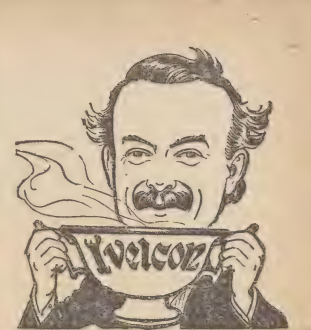
"Lady Merriam and I are going down to Burvale on Saturday. I thought if you came next week for a few days."

"If of course I shall come." He kissed the hand lying so passively in his.

Sonia tried to laugh.

"Yes, of course, you will." She wondered how she could ever live through the days lying ahead; how she could ever tolerate to see Montague down at Burvale; how she could school herself to walk through with days with him as once she had walked with Richard.

"If of course I shall come." He kissed the hand lying so passively in his.



Mr. Lloyd George didn't say so in his great war speech, but—

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Archdeacon Willberforce.

sonage "had passed a good night." I was startled, almost alarmed, for it suggested Austrian invasion and other frightful horrors kept back from us by the tyrant Press Bureau. But it wasn't an archduke after all. It was the archdeacon about whom the good tidings were spread, so all is well.

Like an Upside-Down Table.

Archdeacon Willberforce has not been well for some time past. He was seventy-four last month, but he has been a remarkably active man. As well as his appointments at the Abbey, he is rector of that curious church that looks like a table on its back with four legs sticking up in the air, St. John, in Smith-square, Westminster.

The Palace Revue.

I looked in at the Palace Theatre to see "The Passing Show" on Tuesday night. I left after eleven o'clock with a "stitch in my side," caused by unrestrained laughter. The book is unusually witty, and I don't remember any revue with so many bright lines. Messrs. Wimperis and Carrick may be proud of their work.

"Making the Rope Sing."

Miss Elsie Janis won fresh laurels as a cowboy's lasso-wielding sister. She "made the rope sing," according to a cowboy I know, and I'm certain she must have put in months of practice to have acquired the skilful command of the rope she displayed. The audience seemed never to tire of applauding

Mr. Playfair's Good Work.

The burlesque of David Copperfield was good, and I feel certain that some of the harsher lines in it will be softened before many days. Mr. Arthur Playfair's Micawber was a brilliant bit of character work, and his make-up was really marvellous.

What Will Sir Herbert Say?

I should think the illustrious Micawber of the Haymarket would enjoy a good laugh at Playfair's burlesque. Mr. Nelson Keys's "bantam" march and song made all the men in khaki in the house roar with laughter. This revue should provide smiles-for London until the leaves begin to fall.

In Japan in London!

I spent a couple of hours in Japan yesterday. I went down to the Royal Albert Docks, and was shown over the Fushima Maru, the latest addition to the Nippon Yusen Kaisha Line, and the biggest and most luxurious liner yet built in Japan.

Like a Tokio Hotel.

Everything on board is Japanese except, curiously enough, the language of her Japanese crew. They and the ship's officers spoke English most of the time.

The Language of the Sea.

It seems that all ship's orders are given in English, and the captain told me that our language, as a matter of fact, is used more in the Japanese merchant service than Japanese itself! He explained that most shipping terms could be much better expressed in concise English than in his own language.

Stage Fringe.

People who went to see "Florodora" the other night very nearly didn't see the principal singer, Mr. Jamieson Dodds, at all. For some unaccountable reason he had the most acute attack of nerves and sheer, hopeless stage fright. "I never felt so helpless in my life," Mr. Dodds told me yesterday. "I simply couldn't go on the stage and face the audience. There I stood like a paralysed dummy."

The Kiss Cure.

"Goodness knows what would have happened if it hadn't been for Miss Evie Greene. She recognised how things were in a tick, and, coming straight up to me, she shook me and finished up by giving me a kiss! Whether it was the surprise, I don't know, but it certainly cured me. Someone gave me a little push, and I found myself on the stage, where all went well."

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP

An Alarm.

I had never heard of the Archduke of Westminster until yesterday. But soon after I reached my office in the morning I read a message sent out by a most reputable newsagency to the effect that this personage "had passed a good night."

Which is My Friend?

I was having a chat yesterday with a famous restaurateur near Portland-place, whose restaurant has always been famous for its clientele of Ambassadors and their staffs. The war, he tells me, has had a very unsettling effect on his clients, more especially those representing neutral countries. The neutral diplomat's trouble just now is to know which is his friend.

Try to Dodge Each Other.

For instance, attachés to the Bulgarian, Rumanian and Greek Legations are not anxious just now to dine with each other. As a rule, a young secretary of Legation is a very bright youth, and until last August leading night clubs always counted on their support. But now attachés will be found dining by themselves. Another thing that has been killed by the war is the "diplomatic weekend," the late Lord Londonderry's favourite form of social entertainment.

Countess Szechenyi Ill.

New York will be greatly excited over the news that came yesterday about the Countess Laszlo Szechenyi. Before her marriage she was Miss Gladys Vanderbilt, and she is down



Countess Laszlo Szechenyi.

with smallpox at one of the military hospitals in Budapest. She caught the disease from one of the sick in the hospital where she had been nursing wounded Austrian soldiers.

A Ample Offering.

The Countess Laszlo Szechenyi—no, I won't try to pronounce the name!—inherited the vast sum of £2,400,000 just before her marriage to the Austrian Count in January, 1908. At this time it is stated that she also had "offerings" from her mother and brother which brought her total fortune to something near £3,000,000.

Cousin of a Duchess of Marlborough.

One of her cousins is the Duchess of Marlborough, who, before her marriage to the Duke, was Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt, the daughter of Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt—rather a quaint relationship in view of the stirring events of to-day.

A News—per Surprise.

Next Sunday is to see a new Sunday paper on sale, *The Sunday Pictorial*. I say a new paper, and I mean it. It will be not only an additional newspaper, but a Sunday paper of quite a new kind, full of pictures and news, as well as of splendid special features.

Full of Pictures.

If you turn to page 6 in this issue you will see all about it. And I can tell you that *The Sunday Pictorial* is going to be the pioneer paper of quite a new type of journal. It will be a picture paper, and it will have all the resources of *The Daily Mirror's* wide-spread photograph and news services at its disposal. And you know what that means. Those services don't miss much.

What We Want.

I was glad to hear of the coming of this new journal, for a real picture paper on Sunday is what we all want, particularly in these stirring times.

Order No. 1.

The paper comes at a good time, too, for the news is waking up and things are happening much more quickly now—and they will be happening quicker still in a week or so's time, if half I am told is true. So I would advise you to order Number 1 of *The Sunday Pictorial* at once. You will like it.

The Lyceum Club.

Somehow or another, women's clubs seldom seem to have any luck. I see by the *Gazette* that applications have been made to wind up the Lyceum Club. Yet the Lyceum, of all women's clubs, appeared to be the most prosperous. I believe that the news of its financial straits comes as a great surprise even to its most faithful members.

Clubs That Have Passed

Women, I fear, are not "clubbable." Somehow, they don't seem to understand the idea. A few years ago there was quite an epidemic of small, select women's clubs, many of which I used to visit. Most of them have been dead long since. But they were most amusing while they lasted, for the man visitor.

Chatter and Scandal.

They were full of scandal and clique warfare. I used to be told frightful stories of how So-and-so stole the hairpins, and how somebody else had to be watched most carefully with the cigarettes. But this may have been just chatter.

Patterns!

But there were other things that were not. I remember seeing a really beautiful curtain from which a large "pattern" had been cut. And the fashion-papers! When you could get hold of them they were cut to pieces. Pictures, paragraphs, particularly fashion pictures, had gone, removed, apparently with a pin.

The Lyceum Was Different.

But as I said, these funny little clubs have gone. The Lyceum in my experience was a different place. A little dull and sombre, but still well run. I am sorry it is in trouble. I hope it will soon pass.

Help for Belgian Barristers.

A friend in the Temple told me yesterday that he had just learned that the New York Bar Association was raising a fund for the assistance of distressed Belgian barristers, most of whom are now being looked after by the London Bar.

Of Royal Descent.

According to the latest published Navy List, the skipper of the giant battleship Queen Elizabeth is Captain G. P. Webley Hope. Captain Hope must be having a grand time just now with his big guns in the Dardanelles. A Welsh correspondent reminds me that Captain Hope is a descendant of a King of England, Henry VII., grandfather of that Queen after whom his command is named.

Capt. Webley Hope.

One of Nelson's Captains.

The descent comes through an early alliance between Henry Tudor and the beautiful daughter of Dafydd Ab-Jenan, whose descendants became the Ap Harrys or sons of Henry, now the Parrys, one of the big Welsh families of to-day. One of Captain Hope's great-grandfathers was a famous admiral of past wars and one of Nelson's captains—Rear-Admiral Webley Parry, of-Noyadd Fawr.

Nasty for Him.

Our warships are again in the Straits—terrible straits for the Turk!

Spell Exactly as You Like.

Most people, I expect, will remember the late Sir James Donaldson as a man who once gave the world a very cheering bit of advice. A little over two years ago the Vice-Chancellor of St. Andrews University comforted us all exceedingly by saying: "It doesn't matter how you spell. Spell just as you like, just as Shakespeare did and just as our ancestors did."

Only One Spelling System.

If Sir James could have had his way, all spelling-books would have been publicly burnt and all teachers of spelling banished from the land. Nothing like our spelling, he said, existed anywhere; the phonetic system of spelling which other nations used was the only system to adopt. THE RAMBLER.

CUSTOMERS SHARE PROFITS

BY ENTERING INTO

LIPTON'S GREAT TEA WRAPPER COMPETITION THOUSANDS OF POUNDS

In CASH PRIZES for Wrappers sent in.

ASK FOR FULL PARTICULARS at any Branch or Agent.

EVERY COMPETITOR WILL GET A PRIZE
WHO OBSERVES THE CONDITIONS.

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Is the Most Perfect & Delicious Obtainable.

PURITY AND QUALITY GUARANTEED.

TEA GROWERS,
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LIPTON Ltd.

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Everywhere.

MEN TO BE GIVEN SECRET POCKET.

"Camtack" Which Was Originally Designed for Soldiers in Trenches.

TO CARRY MONEY.

Woman, even if fashion has decreed that she cannot have a visible pocket, will always have a secret pocket somewhere.

Sometimes the pocket is in her garter, or in her stocking or in the waist-belt. Now men are allowed to have a secret pocket.

Man is usually accorded many pockets in his clothes.

He can have pockets ranging from the pocket small enough for the half-sovereign change to the big pocket large enough to carry home a chicken.

Now he has a pocket attached to his braces. It is his little secret pocket, and is called the "camtack."

TO CARRY BANK NOTES.

It is made of leather in brown shades, suedes, greys, reds and pinks.

The "camtack" is a square pocket and it will hold the new paper money when doubled in half.

It was originally intended for the soldier in the trenches.

Four and sixpence is the price of some of the "camtack" pockets, but there are several sizes, varying from 1s. 6d.

The pocket is attached to the braces by a loop.

WAR DRAMA OF NIGHT.

How Wounded Frenchman Killed Foe Who Tried to Stab Him in the Dark.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, March 9.—It was about noon when Pierre D— opened his eyes. He was lying in a great plain near a river. Not far off was a broken bridge.

Vaguely he began to remember. A bayonet charge; then they were at grips under the light of powerful searchlights; then a sharp pain in the shoulder; then unconsciousness.

When he awoke he made an effort and sat up. Near him was a German, wounded too. Pierre started. He had recognised a man who was a comrade of his when he was studying German at Heidelberg University. It was von Mohren.

For a moment the Frenchman thought of speaking to him. Then he changed his mind when he thought of the imple fashion in which they conducted the war. Besides, the German had turned his back on him.

Pierre thought no more of him and fell asleep. A movement near him awoke him. He started up. The German had crawled up to him, and, with a bayonet in his hand, was about to pierce him.

With a quick movement of his hand Pierre knocked him over on his back, tore his bayonet from him and thrust it into his throat. The German gave a convulsive spasm and gasped his last breath.

The moon came out and Pierre tried to rise. But he was too weak. He fell back, helpless, over the body of his foe. Then the fever took the better of him and his wound hurt him terribly. Would he lie there for ever? The night before, in the thick of the battle, he had said, "But now to die there alone seemed horrible."

At that moment the sound of voices—French voices—fell on his ear. It was like heavenly music. Bearers approached.

"We're here, mon lieutenant. Where are you wounded? Easy, easy! There, lay him like that. One, two—forward!"

LIEUTENANT WHO RESIGNED.

When Frank Cladd Thorpe, twenty-two, solicitor's clerk, of Greenwich, was charged at Bow-street yesterday with wearing the uniform of a lieutenant in the Army without authority, Major Lord Athlumney, Provost-Marshal, said defendant was granted a commission as second lieutenant in the Royal Field Artillery on October 7.

A month later, he said, defendant wrote asking to be allowed to resign on medical grounds, and was gazetted out of the Army on his own request.

Defendant told the magistrate that in December his colonel told him that he did not think he would make a suitable officer, and suggested that he should resign.

He did so on medical grounds, but as he was not satisfied with the colonel's decision he spoke to an M.P. who interviewed Mr. Tennant on his behalf. He had to state that any such action had arrived at in his case. He had continued to draw his pay since January last.

The magistrate remanded the defendant on his own recognisances for further inquiries.

GARIBALDI LEGION DISBANDED.

ROME, March 10.—The Rome correspondent of the *Echo de Paris* writes:—"The disbanding of the Garibaldi Legion is much commented upon here. It was thought to be connected with future decisions which Italy might take, for in the moment of danger she will need the support of all her sons."—Reuter.

STICKS FROM QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

9. 1910



Wounded soldiers at the West London Hospital waving the sticks given to them by Queen Alexandra. The gifts numbered seventy, and were engraved with her Majesty's monogram.

RICHARD CHATTERTON, V.C.

(Continued from page 11.)

rid of the horrible feeling that Richard would know every time she let this man kiss her, that Richard would know that she had so soon put his rival in his place.

"But he never cared for me; he never cared for me," she told herself passionately. She clung desperately to that thought; she kept it determinedly before her eyes.

"And we will be married—when?" Montague asked.

She answered hurriedly. "Oh, not just yet—a little later, perhaps—"

He frowned a little. "What is there to wait for?" he queried a trifle impatiently. "It isn't as if I were shirking; I can't go to the war, even if you don't marry me." His own words flashed him the figure of Chatterton as he had seen it only an hour since; Chatterton in khaki!

He began to plead with Sonia; he knew that haste was his best ally; he knew that this was his opportunity. If only he could marry her before she heard about Chatterton; he shrewdly guessed that he was only catching her heart in the rebound; he knew that he must keep steady now and make sure.

"You must give me a few days to think about it," she said restlessly. She tried to smile into his eager face. "Don't be so impatient! Haven't I been very good to give in so far?"

"You've been an angel."

"Well, then, can't you be satisfied?"

"I shall never be satisfied till you are my wife."

She did not answer. The sunshine had quite faded now; the room was grey with closing shadows; suddenly Sonia spoke.

"Will you promise me something, Francis?"

"To the half of my kingdom, my queen."

She shook her head—

"It's nothing like that; it's only . . ."

"Only what, Sonia?"

"He would not see her face, but he felt the hand he held quiver nervously."

"Only about—Richard Chatterton. . . I never want you to speak about him any more—I—I never want to hear his name again. It's—it's all over and done with—forgotten!"

Forgotten, with that quiver in her voice? Montague gave the promise only too eagerly.

"You shall never hear his name from my friend; Sonia—you know he has given up his fight."

"Yes—I heard. . . I suppose you don't know where he has gone? Mr. Jardine said abroad, but . . . if I knew where, I should be much—much more settled; if I knew that he was right out of the way—that I shouldn't be likely to run up against him anywhere."

Silence—then Montague's voice came to her through the grey twilight, a little uncertain, a little diffident.

"I'm not sure—but they say—I did hear that he had gone to America. There were creditors, you know—they've been pressing him, and . . . I should think it's most probable that he has gone to America."

There will be another splendid instalment to-morrow.

BAN ON NIGHT CLUBS.

The following regulation appears in the orders issued by Major-General Sir Francis Lloyd, commanding the London District:—"No. 19.—Discipline.—From the 12th inst. inclusive no officer belonging to the London Command and no officer belonging to another command who is temporarily in London will go to any dancing or other night club in uniform."

VOGUE IN VEILS.

Garden Daisies and "Sour Apples" to Adorn Hats This Season.

A "NOSE" FEATURE.

Almost every woman will shortly be wearing a veil, for veils are to be more fashionable than ever this season.

The veils are very deep in some cases, and at the back of the hat are draped to below the waist.

A new model veil seen by *The Daily Mirror* at a clever English milliner's West End establishment was draped over a large hat and hung down to the waist, veiling the entire figure to the hips.

The pattern was of a lovely fine floral character, but over the face was a plain mesh of squares.

White fancy veils promise a great vogue, and the tiny little tilted hats now being shown in the shops have nearly all a suitable veil, which is draped behind the hat to the shoulders.

There are very few coloured veils worn, but white veils are used with coloured hats trimmed with flowers, black hats and with the fashionable little white satin hat.

One of the newest black and white hats seen in *The Daily Mirror* had a crown of draught-board pattern.

Another veil that will be largely worn is the "nose veil."

This is a little veil that is gathered on to the hat by a piece of elastic and reaches to the tip of the nose. These veils are in browns and blues, as well as blacks.

Pretty little pink garden daisies are seen on hats of the most rustic character, whilst other little hats are trimmed with sour-looking small crab apples.

The little hats are decidedly rakish in angle, especially the revived sailor hats, which in many cases are trimmed with grapes, red currants and tiny little forget-me-nots.

SHOPS CLOSING AT EIGHT P.M.

A resolution in favour of the immediate closing of shops at an hour not later than eight o'clock on three nights, at nine on Fridays, and at ten on Saturdays, was unanimously passed at the annual meeting of the Early Closing Association in London yesterday.

Mr. John Bodger, who presided, announced that the seventeen large firms in London had decided to close early on three nights every week, and thereby 5,000 assistants had been benefited.

Among those present was Mr. Hitchcock, who is eighty-two years of age, and who was present at the earliest meetings of the association seventy years ago.

SEND ME A LOAF.

An interesting letter which throws light on the condition of things in the German camps where British soldiers are interned has been received by the relatives of Private Horrocks, 1st Coldstream Guards, whose home is a few miles from Liverpool.

Writing from Schneidemuhl, Horrocks, who was captured in October, states:—"Could you send me a home-made loaf of bread and some tinned meats, such as salmon, sardines, condensed milk, butter and tobacco?"

A German prisoner of war, named Windeski, on whom watches, medals and other stole articles were found, has been sentenced by a court-martial at Grenoble, says Reuter, to three years imprisonment.

Ficolax keeps Children healthy

When a child is fretful, has a poor appetite, or does not sleep well, half a teaspoonful of Ficolax, the Children's Ideal Laxative, will soon put matters right and make him bright, healthy and happy.

Ficolax is the safest and most reliable aperient for children. It is prepared from the essences of choice fruits and contains no minerals or preservatives. Children like the delicious fruit flavour. Always keep FICO-LAX in the house.

Mrs. Johnston, Sutton; writes:—"I like your Ficolax 'better than any other 'medicine of the kind I have 'tried.'"

Give your Children

Ficolax

The Original Fruit Laxative

Sold in Bottles 1/3, Family size 2/6. Of all Chemists. The Ficolax Co., 30, Graham Street, London, N.

LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

AMBASSADORS—Harry Grattan's "ODDS AND ENDS," preceded by Hanks in "Oaks," 8.30. Mat. Wed. Sat. 2.30. Thurs. 10.6d. 7s. 6d. 8s. 9d. 10s. 11s. 12s. 13s. 14s. 15s. 16s. 17s. 18s. 19s. 20s. 21s. 22s. 23s. 24s. 25s. 26s. 27s. 28s. 29s. 30s. 31s. 32s. 33s. 34s. 35s. 36s. 37s. 38s. 39s. 40s. 41s. 42s. 43s. 44s. 45s. 46s. 47s. 48s. 49s. 50s. 51s. 52s. 53s. 54s. 55s. 56s. 57s. 58s. 59s. 60s. 61s. 62s. 63s. 64s. 65s. 66s. 67s. 68s. 69s. 70s. 71s. 72s. 73s. 74s. 75s. 76s. 77s. 78s. 79s. 80s. 81s. 82s. 83s. 84s. 85s. 86s. 87s. 88s. 89s. 90s. 91s. 92s. 93s. 94s. 95s. 96s. 97s. 98s. 99s. 100s. 101s. 102s. 103s. 104s. 105s. 106s. 107s. 108s. 109s. 110s. 111s. 112s. 113s. 114s. 115s. 116s. 117s. 118s. 119s. 120s. 121s. 122s. 123s. 124s. 125s. 126s. 127s. 128s. 129s. 130s. 131s. 132s. 133s. 134s. 135s. 136s. 137s. 138s. 139s. 140s. 141s. 142s. 143s. 144s. 145s. 146s. 147s. 148s. 149s. 150s. 151s. 152s. 153s. 154s. 155s. 156s. 157s. 158s. 159s. 160s. 161s. 162s. 163s. 164s. 165s. 166s. 167s. 168s. 169s. 170s. 171s. 172s. 173s. 174s. 175s. 176s. 177s. 178s. 179s. 180s. 181s. 182s. 183s. 184s. 185s. 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1014s. 1015s. 1016s. 1017s. 1018s. 1019s. 1020s. 1021s. 1022s.

SOLDIERS DRAW A BRIDAL MOTOR-CAR.



The guard of honour draws the bridal motor-car at the wedding of Lieutenant Lickfold (Royal Field Artillery), and Miss Gordon. The ceremony took place in Gordon-square.

NEWS ITEMS.

Warned to Leave Mexico.

Americans have been warned by Mr. Bryan, says Reuter, to leave Mexico, and are informed that the Government will endeavour to provide transportation.

Forty-five Killed in London Streets.

Forty-five persons were killed in the streets in the Metropolitan Police district in February, 1915, as compared with forty in 1914, the Home Secretary stated yesterday.

Ticket Habit Spreads in Berlin.

Wilmerdorf, a suburb of Berlin, says Reuter, is shortly issuing potato tickets, allotting to each inhabitant for payment 20lb. of potatoes weekly from the municipal stocks.

M.P. Colonel's Fall from Horse.

Colonel the Hon. A. B. Bathurst, M.P., while directing the operations of the Gloucestershire Territorials at Northampton fell from his horse yesterday and broke his collar-bone.

A. Obstinate Train.

A Hampstead Tube train at Euston Station yesterday was unable to proceed, and efforts to put the matter right were for some time unavailing, with the result that the traffic on the line was dislocated.

Principal of St. Andrews Dead.

The death was announced yesterday of Sir James Donaldson, principal of St. Andrews University, at the age of eighty-four, who died at St. Andrews, the principality of which he held for twenty-seven years.

DAGGERS IN THE DARK.

PETROGRAD, March 10.—The Caucasians, principally volunteers, commanded by the Tsar's brother, the Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovich, have become known as "the wild division."

Mountaineers born and bred, they have proved irresistible fighters in the Carpathians.

Discarding the use of rifles, with daggers between their teeth they glide night after night like snakes towards the enemy's outposts, trenches and batteries.—Reuter's Special.

NATIONAL HUNT 'CHASES.

The opening stage of the National Hunt meeting at Cheltenham yesterday was favoured with delightful weather, and a big crowd enjoyed some capital sport. Small fields contested most of the races, but for the big event, the National Hunt Steeplechase, no fewer than twenty-five horses were added. During the last eleven years the race has taken to the favourite on only one occasion, and again yesterday it went to an outsider.

Iron Gate, Mr. J. R. Anthony's mount, was the popular choice, but although he ran well he could only finish third to Martial IV. and Red Sunst. For the concluding stage of the meeting selections are as follow:—

1.15—Cleave Hurdle—ROUGH AND READY.

1.45—Swindon Chase—GREY LEG IV.

2.30—Coventry Chase—LAMENTABLE.

3.15—Juvenile Chase—VENI.

4.30—County Hurdle—FLURRY.

DOUBLE EVENT FOR TO-DAY.

*ROUGH AND READY and EITURIE.

CHELTENHAM RACING RETURNS.

1.15—Southern Chase. 2m. 100y.—Les Ormes (4-5, Artil). 1. Finished alone, others fell; 5 ran.
1.45—Stayers' Hurdle. 3m.—Rathduff (Mr. Brabazon), w.
2.45—National Hunt Chase. 4m.—Martial IV. (20-1, Major Purvis), 1; Red Sunst (20-1), 2; Iron Gate (5-2), 3.
3.30—Cheltenham Chase. 2m. 100y.—Waylace (4-1, 5, 25 ran).
3.50—The Last (4-1), 2; Dick Dunn (9-4), 3.
4.05—Gloucestershire Hurdle. 2m.—Oppiger (7-1, Mr. Brabazon), 1; Desmond's Song (5-1), 2; The Hero (5-1), 3.
4.30—Maiden Five-Year-Old Chase. 2m. 100y.—Gay Mac (10-1, C. Kelly), 1; Va Vite (10-1), 2; Saharia (5-1), 3.
5. 7 ran.

LATEST LONDON BETTING.

Lincoln Handicap—10-1 Outram (t, o), 100-8 View Law (t, o), 100-8 Irish Chief (t, o), 20-1 Jarnac (t, o), 25-1 Wrack (t, o).
Grand National—9-1 Irish Mail (t, o), 10-1 Bachelor's Flight (t, o), 100-8 Lord Marcus and Balcadran (t, o).

BLAKE v. REEVE TO-NIGHT.

Bandman Blake, unbeaten by any man of his own weight, meets Harry Reeve, of Plawton, in a twenty round contest at the Ring tonight for stakes of £20 a side.

Reeve has been carrying all before him in the light heavy-weight division of late, but Blake's admirers are sanguine that he can beat the Plawton man, even at a disadvantage of over a stone.

Blake has not met a heavy-weight since he was beaten by Bombardier Wells, following his wonderful victory over the Dixie Kid, and all sporting London should throng to the Ring to-night.

No advance
in price of
the One and Only

H.P.
Sauce

A bottle of H.P. is so full of delicious fruits and spices, skilfully blended, and you need not shake the bottle—there is no sediment—no one flavour predominates.

H.P. Sauce is the most economical and delicious of them all.

6d. per large bottle.

From Grocers and Stores all over the World.

"TIZ"—a Joy to
Sore, Tired Feet

TIZ is just wonderful for sore, aching, swollen, perspiring feet and corns.

"How TIZ does help sore feet."



Good-bye sore feet, burning feet, swollen feet, perspiring feet, tired feet. Good-bye corns, hard skin, bunions and raw spots. No more shoe tightness, no more limping with pain or drawing up your face in agony. TIZ is magical, acts right off. TIZ draws out all the poisonous exudations which puff up the feet. Use TIZ and wear smaller shoes. Use TIZ and forget your foot misery. Ah! how comfortable your feet feel. Get a 1s. 1d. box of TIZ now at any chemist's or stores. Don't suffer. Have good feet, glad feet, feet that never swell, never hurt, never get tired. A year's foot comfort guaranteed or money refunded.

PERSONAL.

M.—Dearest, shall never forget, wait true. Tender love.—
LIVERPOOL.—Longing to see you. Write. Love.—
Mildred.
FRIENDS Traced! Secret inquiries—Rivers, Private Detective, 20, Regent-st., London.
HAIR permanently removed from face with electricity; ladies only.—Florence Wood, 105, Regent-st., W.

. The above advertisements are charged at the rate of 6d. per word (minimum 8 words). Trade advertisements in Personal Column 10d. per word (minimum 8 words). Address Advertisement Manager, "Daily Mirror," 25-29, Boulevard-st., London.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

PIANOS.—Boyd, Ltd., supply their high-class British pianos for cash, or 10s. 6d. per month; carriage paid; catalogue free.—Boyd, Ltd., 19, Holborn, London, E.C.

A FREE GIFT TO READERS

Who Suffer from Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, or Any Complaint Arising from Uric Acid.

5,000 SPECIAL GIFT "URILLAC" SUPPLIES.

You Can Start Your Permanent Cure at No Expense—but Send At Once to Avoid Disappointment.

The remedy that never fails! This is how "Urillac" has been happily described by those who have regained the use of their aching, pain-racked limbs by the aid of this great scientific standard remedy.

Men and women who have practically lost the use of their limbs, to whom walking and movement of any kind has been one protracted agony, whose feet and knees have been bent, twisted and gnarled by the vicious presence of uric acid, have been cured in the real sense of the word.

You can prove "Urillac's" positive effects at no expense. You can personally experience its splendid virtues by just writing and asking for one of the special test-for-yourself "Urillac" supplies.

Uric acid excess manifests itself in many ways, and amongst its symptoms are:—

Stiff, Painful Joints.
Aching Back.
Swollen, Burning Feet and Hands.
Dull, Crawling Nerve Pains.
Cutting Pains in the Legs.
Throbbing Pains in the Temples.
Acute Aching Round the Eyes.
Rheumatoid Arthritis.
Draughts of Cold Air Seeming to Cut the Skin.
Feverishness and Excessive Shivering.

Don't trifle with these conditions. They are far too serious to be lightly disregarded.

Send in your letter to-day for a free gift supply. It is willingly sent without obligation. All you have to do is to enclose 2d. for postage. Note the address and write now to the "Urillac" Co. (Dept. D.M.), 164, Piccadilly, London, W.

URILLAC

"DISSOLVES EVERY SIGN OF URIC ACID EXCESS."

"Urillac" can be obtained of Boots', Parkes', Timothy White, and Taylor's Drug Stores, and Chemists and Stores everywhere. Is. 1d. and 2s. 9d., or post free from the "Urillac" Co., 164, Piccadilly, London, W.

ARTICLES FOR DISPOSAL.

Rate, 2s. 6d. per line; minimum, 2 lines.
ARISTO Daily Dinner—100 perfect plates 21s., comprising dinner set for 12, tea and breakfast set for 12, hot-water jug, teapot, and a set of 3 jugs; all to match; each piece thin and beautifully finished. Write for free catalogue.—Vincent Fine Art Pottery, 25, Burslem.

COLEK Lino at wholesale prices: "Kempston" (registered), Ward's Compressed "King" Lino, 3yds. by 4yds., qual. A. 15s. 6d.; qual. B. 16s. 6d.; other sizes in proportion.—Ward's Desk 3 for coloured design booklet and samples free, Ward's Furnishings Stores, Seven Sisters Cntr., South Tottenham (Phone Tottenham 1632). Delivery free £1 and over.

DAVIS and CO. (Dept. 141), 25, Denmark-hill, London. Unredeemed Pledge Sale; special supplementary list of this month's new remnant plus new remnant; together free list of 5,000 sensational bargains; don't delay; write at once, guaranteed genuine items; it will save you pounds; all goods sent on day of approval.

12/6—FIELD, Race or Marine Glasses: Military Binoculars, 100 yds. range, 20x magnification; the Army and Navy; 50 miles range; shows bullet mark at 100 yards; brilliant definition; wide field; addler-made case; bargain, 12s. 6d.; approval before payment.

32/6—POWERFUL Binoculars, Field, Marine or Race Glasses: great magnification power; by Lumiere; most powerful glass made; same as the best; can be defined read five miles from shore; quick focus; solid leather case; bargain, 32s. 6d.; approval before payment.

12/6—MAGNIFICENT Set of Rich Black Russian fox-colour Fur: handsome long Duchess Stole, trim trimmed 12-fox-tails and heads, and large Duchess Muff to match; 12s. 6d.; never worn; approval willingly.

REAL Russian Furs: magnificent rich black rabbit, 14/6—brown, 8ft. long Granville Stole, shaped collar; richly studded, beautifully trimmed, 13 Russian tails and heads, and large Granville Muff matching; together, bargain, 14s. 6d.; approval before payment.

BABY'S Long Gables, supreme quality; 40 articles, everything required, exquisite; embroidered American robe, etc.; beautifully made garments, the perfection of a mother's personal work; never worn; bargain, 12s. 6d.; approval before payment.

GENT'S 18-ct. Goldcase: Ladies' Lever Hunter 10/6—Watch, improved action, 10 years' warranty; timed to a few seconds a month; also double-curb Albert, same quality, with handsome compass attached; warranted trial; together, bargain, 10s. 6d.; approval before payment.

SUPERB 18-ct. Goldcase: Ladies' Lever Hunter 10/6—Watch, improved action, 10 years' warranty; timed to a few seconds a month; also double-curb Albert, same quality, with handsome compass attached; warranted trial; together, bargain, 10s. 6d.; approval before payment.

19/9—Large Bangle, 18-ct. Goldcase: Ladies' Lever Hunter 10/6—Watch, improved action, 10 years' warranty; timed to a few seconds a month; also double-curb Albert, same quality, with handsome compass attached; warranted trial; together, bargain, 10s. 6d.; approval before payment.

4/9—PRETTY Necktie, with heart pendant attached, set pearls and turquoise, 13-ct. gold (stamped) filled with vibrant, rich, glowing emeralds, 3s. 9d.

49/6—GENT'S Solid Gold English hall-marked Keyless watch (R. Stanton, London); high-grade chronograph stop watch, 20 years' warranty; 7 days' trial; great bargain, 23s. 6d.; approval willingly.

12/6—GENT'S massive double Albert: 18-ct. gold (stamped) filled solid links curb petticoat watch, 20 years' warranty; week's free trial; bargain, 22s.

14/6—SOLID gold curb chain padlock bracelet, with safety chain; bargain, 14s. 6d.; approval willingly.

19/9—LADY'S Trouser, 24 superfine quality night-dress, chemise, knickers, petticoats, combinations, etc.; bargain, 19s. 9d.; approval willingly.

22/6—Solid Gold English hall-marked Keyless watch (R. Stanton, London); high-grade chronograph stop watch, 20 years' warranty; 7 days' trial; great bargain, 23s. 6d.; approval willingly.

3/9—LADY'S solid Gold Marquise Ring, set mass of lovely Parisian pearls and turquoise, 3s. 9d.

8/6—LADY'S solid Gold curb chain padlock bracelet, with safety chain; solid links; 18-ct. gold (stamped) filled with vibrant, rich, glowing emeralds, 3s. 9d.

8/9—LADY'S 18-ct. solid gold hall-marked Diamond and Sapphire doublet half-hoop Ring, claw setting, large lustrous stones; bargain, 8s. 9d.; approval willingly.

12/6—LADY'S Choice 18-ct. gold-case Keyless Expand- ing Watch Bracelet; exquisite design; set with 64 wrist; perfect timekeeper; 10 years' warranty; week's free trial; bargain, 12s. 6d.; approval before payment.

DAVIS and CO. (Dept. 141), FAWNWORKERS, 25, DENMARK HILL, CANNIBREWELL, LONDON.

Mansion Polish
for our Furniture

Lino and Parquet Floors means comfort and good cheer in our homes. Quickly, and with a minimum of labour, it imparts a beautiful, hard surface and smooth lustre, brings up the colours and preserves the pattern of Linoleum, and, in fact, makes things look like new. Mansion Polish also feeds the substance to which it is applied, thus greatly lengthening the wear.

Of all Dealers. Tins 1d. to 1l.

Prepared by The Chiswick Polish Co. Ltd., Chiswick, London, W.

Makers of the famous Cherry Blossom Boot Polish.



1891.—B. S. Lyle, Ltd., 89, New Oxford-st., W.C.
LADIES and Gentlemen in need of financial assistance
 should write or call actual lender; loans from £25; no
 security; no inquiries.—L. Finsberg, 23, Haymarket, S.W.
£20 UPWARDS Lent; no fees; reasonable terms.—D.
 SWANSON, 1, Adelaide-st., Strand W.C.

There Is a Surprising Announcement for You To-day on Page 6

WE Are Paying £5,000
for the Best Snap-
shots of the War.

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER PICTURE PAPER IN THE WORLD

£5,000 for Amateur Photo-
graphers. Have you
thought about it?

SIMPLE LIFER.

P 17094



Eleaser Kaminetzky, who has journeyed from Palestine to teach the New Yorkers the joys of the simple life. He wears the lightest clothes even in winter time.

DIED TOGETHER.

P 17094



Arthur Follows.



Richard Follows.

Two brothers who were killed in action side by side. They belonged to Anstey, near Atherstone, and were in the 1st Coldstream Guards. In a recent letter home Arthur said, "Cheer up, mother, and keep the flag flying."

NO COAL FOR ITALIAN STOVE.

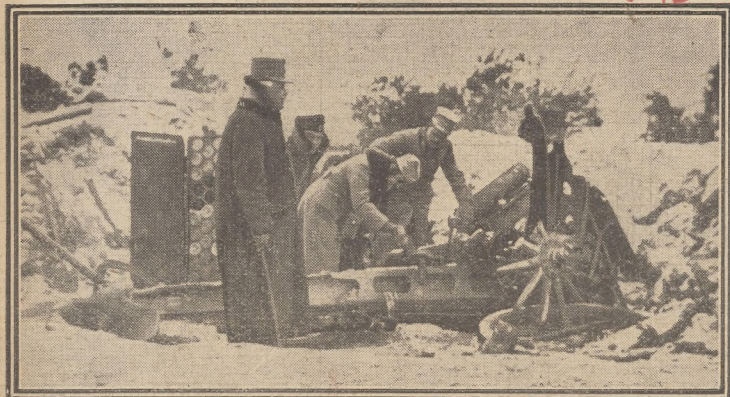
9.11903 3



"How can we go on-poking it up? The coal has given out." These are the words put into the mouths of Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Lloyd George in this cartoon, which suggests that Italy's neutrality is absolutely assured.

GUN BROKEN TO PIECES BY A SHELL.

9.72 2



The result of a well-placed Austrian shell on a Russian gun. The picture was taken at the time when our Allies were retreating in Bukovina. The success of the enemy was, however, only temporary, and the Russians are once more back at the gates of Czernowitz.

MANŒUVRES IN THE DESERT.

9.11914



There is a large force of British troops in Egypt, many of them being Australians. The picture was taken during manoeuvres on the desert sands.